These Masks of Mine

written by

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INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

A man, JORDAN LAMBERT, dressed in somewhat casual attire sits inside a lobby of a therapist's office building, his attention focused towards a nearby fish tank with several colorful fish swimming around.

A nearby radio fills the otherwise silent room with soft, classical music. The jiggles and clicks of a metal door latch draw Jordan's attention to a woman stepping out to greet him; his therapist Dr Angela Martin.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Cheerful)
Oh! Good morning Jordan! I wasn't expecting you so early.

Jordan smiles, visibly nervous.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Traffic was... favorable. How are you?

ANGELA MARTIN
I'm well, eager to get started if you are.

Angela steps aside to welcome Jordan into her office for a session.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jordan takes a seat on a couch in Dr Martin's office, nerves still rattling him. Dr Martin sits across from him, her smiles welcoming.

ANGELA MARTIN
So, Jordan, I happened to notice when reviewing your file that we are coming up on two years since we started working together. How do you feel?

Jordan attempts to brush the remark off with a somewhat silly demeanor.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Joking)
Has it been that long?

ANGELA MARTIN
(Smirks)
Yes, it has.
(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
How do you feel about our sessions and everything that's happened?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I feel alright. To be honest, I miss the adrenaline of the old life... the feeling that what I was doing was somehow making an impact.

Angela makes a quick note in her files on Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN
That's completely understandable. To go from the life you had as a bounty hunter to struggling entrepreneur living at home is not an easy shift.

Jordan takes a moment to breathe

JORDAN LAMBERT
Especially when it feels like that shift is becoming a burden to the already weak connections around you...

Dr Martin smiles, seeing that Jordan's psychological wall is down

ANGELA MARTIN
What exactly makes you say that?

JORDAN LAMBERT
It's probably old feelings coming up about the relationship between my mother and I getting tested having Paisley move in

ANGELA MARTIN
(Confused)
And who is Paisley, I don't believe you brought her up?

Jordan lays back on the therapy couch, getting himself more comfortable

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Settling)
Not by name, at least. Paisley's my younger sister... well half sister if that means anything.

Dr Martin makes a quick note

ANGELA MARTIN
Why do you separate yourself from her like that?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Like what?

ANGELA MARTIN
Usually when someone doesn't mention a relative by name, there're aspects of the relationship one doesn't want to acknowledge

JORDAN LAMBERT
You're not wrong. Paisley, she was always treated like the favorite.

Ma always seemed like she was eager to bail her out of trouble but was quick to assume I was guilty of something... even when I wasn't around in the first place!

Dr Martin makes a few more notes.

ANGELA MARTIN
Would you say there is resentment between you two?

Jordan takes a deep breath

JORDAN LAMBERT
Obviously. Even now, Mom is still bailing her out of trouble. Though this time even I'd have to agree it's different.

ANGELA MARTIN
How do you mean?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Paisley's pregnant, it's not just about her anymore.

ANGELA MARTIN
Oh! So you're gonna be an uncle soon! That's exciting!

Jordan smirks, which Dr Martin notices right away

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
See? There's at least part of you that seems excited.

Jordan laughs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah, I guess I've always been a softy for the little ones.

ANGELA MARTIN
You were supposed to be a father, after all... it's only natural.

The mention of Jordan being a father brings a tear to his eye

JORDAN LAMBERT
Even before then. Which is why it honestly feels crazy that I'm about to admit this...

ANGELA MARTIN
Admit what?

Jordan sits up, looks at Dr Martin directly.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I think I had one of those prophetic dreams about Paisley's baby. She's expecting a girl.

ANGELA MARTIN
What makes you say that?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Truthfully, it's just a feeling. If I remember correctly she's due for a sonogram later, so we'll find out soon enough.

It sounds like she tried to hide the baby's gender, or the fact she was expecting in the first place...

Dr Martin pauses as she takes further notes

ANGELA MARTIN
As long as the child's healthy, that's what matters

Jordan nods

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
While we're on that subject, do you feel that the news of Paisley's baby may be triggering lingering grievances of losing your own daughter?
(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)

Perhaps, these critical feelings you have towards your sister, are even stemmed from what was taken from you?

Jordan sits up, confused at the notion Dr Martin presented

JORDAN LAMBERT
How do you mean?

Dr Martin tilts her head to the side, expecting Jordan to understand the connection she's presenting

ANGELA MARTIN
I mean, do you feel that your instinct to look after Paisley's child is a substitution for caring for Roselyn?

A way for you to act on unfulfilled parental obligations that were taken from you the night Courtney passed away?

JORDAN LAMBERT
You're getting to know me too well, Doc

Jordan winks playfully

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Sighs)
If I had to put a percentage, I'd say that's about 60 to 70 percent the reason...

ANGELA MARTIN
And what would be the remaining?

There is a glare on Jordan's face, telling right away there's much more to the story he's sharing that most might not expect

JORDAN LAMBERT
The father has a history of pulling guns on people, heavy drinking, and went as far to try framing Paisley for domestic terrorism...

The news, as shocking and unbelievable as it may seem, catches Dr Martin's attention. She visibly pauses, surprised by the information.

ANGELA MARTIN
(In Shock)
Oh. Well, it's understandable that you might feel on edge because of that information

Jordan nods, shaking his head in disbelief

JORDAN LAMBERT
I wish I was exaggerating

ANGELA MARTIN
It is understandable, and commendable that you would want to step up to help your sister under those circumstances...

Angela pauses, which Jordan notices right away

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
But, in the end, that is Paisley's problem to bear.

For now, I feel like it's best to still focus on your well-being so you'll be mentally prepared to help without stressing yourself or the baby

Jordan's eyes drift towards the ground, a sign of mental defeat as he silently acknowledges Dr Martin's statement

JORDAN LAMBERT
You have a point. Where should we continue?

ANGELA MARTIN
I want to talk about your dreams, particularly the ones about Courtney that seem to deeply affect you...

Jordan freezes, his sensitivity to the subject of his lost love as obvious as the sun in the sky

JORDAN LAMBERT
What about them?

ANGELA MARTIN
How about answering the question I left you with in our last session? What is it you feel they represent?

Jordan pauses to think

JORDAN LAMBERT
It really depends on the context of the situation...

ANGELA MARTIN
How so?

JORDAN LAMBERT
There's times when Courtney's memory feels like the 'angel on my shoulder,' giving me advice or a confidence boost like she'd used to do.

But in the same light, it's a brutal reminder that she's not there anymore... for any of the good or bad.

As much as trying to hold on to those few moments, just to feel like she's still alive, it hurts...

Jordan starts to tear up, doing what he can to compose himself on the spot

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
But...

Jordan's tears become more frequent

ANGELA MARTIN
What is it, Jordan?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Breathes Deep)
It feels like even those memories are fading away...

INT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

A flashback is triggered in Jordan's mind of a date with his fiancee Courtney. The scene is ethereal. The familiar sounds of classic rock music, plates clanking together, and small talk of patrons fill the air.

The view is hazy, blurred, symbolizing the fading memories Jordan fears from his trauma. Jordan, dressed in a suit jack and red dress shirt, sits across a woman seemingly all in white.

The view shifts to Jordan's view of the woman, lights behind her seemingly forming angelic wings - a reflection of Jordan's admiration and love for her.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The flashback ends. Jordan wipes his face, emotional from the memory. Dr Martin sits back, noting Jordan's concerns before speaking.

ANGELA MARTIN
There are a number of factors that can affect how we remember our dreams, not all terrible

Sometimes it can be a lack of quality sleep, outside stress, or perhaps it can be viewed as a sign that these moments don't carry as much emotional significance

Courtney, the life you two were trying to build, there's no denying the significance of those precious memories

But perhaps, in this case, it's a sign that the grief you feel is losing its grip on you... rather than the happiness you felt becoming the memory?

What do you think about that?

Jordan reflects on Dr Martin's insight

JORDAN LAMBERT
I suppose that is a possibility...

ANGELA MARTIN
Of course it is. I know your entrepreneurial efforts are one way of getting yourself out there...

But have you given any consideration to getting out just for fun? Something other than just going to see a movie?

The suggestion causes Jordan to shift his gaze to the side as he started to remember one such opportunity of "getting out" had presented itself

JORDAN LAMBERT
Well, it has been a while. But there's one thing I've been a bit hesitant to do...

Dr Martin seems surprised at the news

ANGELA MARTIN
(Smirks)
Do share...

JORDAN LAMBERT
My buddy Brent has been hounding me about going out to a strip club, some place called Forgotten Desires

I've been kinda deflecting on the idea, it's not my usual scene. I just left it that I needed to sort my schedule before I could say anything.

ANGELA MARTIN
Why don't you go, Jordan? I don't see you being the type to do anything that would harm yourself or others...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Truthfully, it's more so Brent I'm concerned about.

ANGELA MARTIN
Now, correct if I'm wrong, but Brent is the friend who you mentioned had an engagement break off?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nods)
Yep. That's him, and honestly, he's still clinging on to her.

It's been hard to share anything good in conversation because it seems to trigger him...

ANGELA MARTIN
Normally, I'd advise you to be more empathetic... but our time together tells me there's more to your obvious concerns...

Jordan takes a deep breath, clearly worrying about his friend

JORDAN LAMBERT
Believe me, I'm trying. Even when the separation happened, I tried, even though it was hard.

He's my best friend, been that way since we met in high school and I was supposed to fulfill my end of our pact to be each other's best man...

Even with the separation centering on the fact Brent couldn't put down the game controller, I tried to be supportive...

But... Dr Martin... he's using...

Jordan's concerns, finally clear, give Dr Martin a reason to pause and think for an appropriate response.

ANGELA MARTIN
I remember us discussing the separation... but when did you find out he was using? What's his drug of choice?

Jordan sighs

JORDAN LAMBERT
Just last week he admitted it, when I decided to reach out on social media just to chat.

As for his 'poision,' it seems like its heroin and alcohol...

ANGELA MARTIN
I see. That is concerning. But, maybe, spending time with someone like you could do him some good!

Just talking online can only show so much, Jordan, it may do you and Brent some good to just get out together and see how the other is evolving

It may even reveal something about yourself...

JORDAN LAMBERT
I guess I could go... couldn't hurt to do something a bit different, I guess.

ANGELA MARTIN
In the end, it's up to you. It might not seem conventional but, think of it like a middle ground.

That way, you might be able to see a better way to help your friend!

JORDAN LAMBERT
I suppose you have a point there. It's better than finding him dead in his apartment with a needle sticking out his arm...

Dr Martin tilts her head.

ANGELA MARTIN
It's understandable you worry about your friend. But it's been two years, time to spread your wings a little...

Dr Martin glances towards her clock as Jordan visibly ponders her advice. She looks towards the side, an idea manifesting to potentially help Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something, Jordan, do you journal?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Confused)
Sometimes, why?

ANGELA MARTIN
I think that you might benefit from something new my office is starting to offer

I'll be honest, I'm still trying to learn how to use it myself but... I think someone like you could benefit.

Perhaps, even with your technical expertise, you might be able to help me better use it

Jordan's eyes shift to intrigue

JORDAN LAMBERT
Sure, I'll help where I can. What is it?

ANGELA MARTIN
There's a new app that's supposed to allow us to better connect, by letting you journal or message me directly

It seemed like a good way to allow certain patients of mine a way to better express themselves

Would this be something of interest to you?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'd be willing to try it!

Jordan starts to dig out his phone to download the app right away until Dr Martin stops him

ANGELA MARTIN
I'll send you the link in an email once we are done here. The app is still in testing...

Jordan nods, glancing towards his phone as he notices a text message come through

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

Jordan opens his phone and reads the message

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Surprised)
Oh, yeah, it's actually from Brent. Talk about timing...

ANGELA MARTIN
Really? What does he want?

JORDAN LAMBERT
He's saying that he's got a surprise for me if I say 'yes' to going out...

ANGELA MARTIN
Why don't you answer him? He's clearly wanting your attention.

Jordan glances towards Dr Martin and nods as he opens the message to reply

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Reading what he types)
Hey dude, I think I'll take you up on that offer. Let me know what time you want to meet up...

Jordan sends the message.

ANGELA MARTIN
How do you feel?

Jordan nods, trying to be positive

JORDAN LAMBERT
I feel good, a little excited! Maybe I'm... overthinking.

Dr Martin smiles

ANGELA MARTIN
As frustrating it may be, you're actually doing quite well

But while we have a few more minutes, do you have any questions? Any plans for the day?

Jordan shrugs

JORDAN LAMBERT
Mainly, I was going to work on my website. But, we shall see...

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - JORDAN'S BEDROOM/OFFICE - LATER

Jordan is seen in a small office area, working away at developing a website on his computer. The room is somewhat cluttered as it is his home office, bedroom, and entertainment area.

He uses a smart TV as a secondary computer monitor, sitting next to his primary one. Shelving next to the desk reveal various movies, and even a few video games.

Jordan's attention is caught by his cat jumping into his lap; as he himself jumps at the sudden intrusion but openly embraces the animal - scratching under its chin while hugging it close.

An older woman appears in the doorway, SHERYL MILLER, Jordan's mother and landlord. Young in appearance, most would not necessarily believe Sheryl was old enough to have adult children.

Sheryl, often working the night shift, is somewhat disheveled and in pajamas having just gotten out of bed.

SHERYL MILLER:
(Tired)
Hey, how was you're appointment?

There is a bit of tension in the air. While she had been there after Jordan lost his family, unresolved conflicts between the two often leave hints of tension during any sort of communication that was outside of daily small talk.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Hesitant)
It was fine... I'll probably be heading out later.

SHERYL MILLER
(Surprised)
Oh, where you going?

Jordan is visibly annoyed by the question from his mother

JORDAN LAMBERT
Still waiting to find out, Brent's apparently wanting to meet up...

Sheryl visibly pauses, aware of Brent's struggles

SHERYL MILLER
Oh really? How has he been?

Jordan shakes his head and sighs

SHERYL MILLER (CONT'D)
(Passive Aggressive Tone)
Still, huh? At least you're getting out of the house more...

From the other room, both Sheryl and Jordan's attention is caught by the sound of the front door shutting. Jordan's cat reacts as well.

A younger woman, PAISLEY MILLER, enters. Jordan's younger sister, a somewhat troubled girl bearing the fears of likely single motherhood in her near future.

SHERYL MILLER (CONT'D)
(Cheerful)
Hey babe, how was the doctor?

PAISLEY MILLER
(Nervous)
Well, everything's looking good.

Paisley holds up a finger to Sheryl, allowing herself to walk into Jordan's doorway and look at him directly. Her face carries the sternest as she looks to her brother.

PAISLEY MILLER (CONT'D)
(Stern but Smiling)
Now before you say anything, shut up so I can talk

Jordan smirks, a sign of playful sibling rivalry

PAISLEY MILLER (CONT'D)
(Annoyed)
Shut it! You were right, it's a girl...

Jordan gets up, still smiling, and hugs Paisley. Paisley squirms, uncomfortable with Jordan's embrace as she expects a sarcastic remark. The moment triggers a flashback.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MATERNITY WARD - FLASHBACK

A bright hospital room is illuminated by ethereal, blurred lights. Another faded memory.

Courtney's image is blurred as Jordan's memory of being with her during her first sonogram fills Jordan's mind.

The air is filled with gentle, nervous singing from Courtney on the examination table as the nurse continues to move the wand over Courtney's stomach

NURSE 1
Alright miss Freeman, the baby is looking good, coming along nicely! Would you two like to know the gender?

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Nervous)
Yes, of course

Moments pass as the nurse positions the wand to get a better picture of the child.

NURSE 1
It's a girl!

Jordan gets up, emotional, hugs Courtney tight as the flashback ends.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - JORDAN'S BEDROOM/OFFICE - LATER

Jordan, still hugging his sister, has a few tears in his eyes.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispers)
I told you so

Jordan winks as Paisley waves him off and wanders into her room, gluing herself to her smartphone. Shaking his head, Jordan notices his cell phone ringing with BRENT HARMON's name and phone number showing on the caller ID.

On seeing his friend's name, Jordan's mood visibly lightens as he answers, wiping his face. Sheryl walks away to get ready for her job as a police dispatcher.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(On the phone)
Yo!

BRENT HARMON
(Over the phone)
Dude! So did your therapist convince you to finally say yes to me?!

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Rolls eyes)
Yeah, yeah. So what the hell is this surprise you keep grilling me about?

BRENT HARMON
(Laughing over the phone)
No, no! You're not getting it out of me, dude! You're gonna have to see for yourself!

The call is interrupted by Sheryl flickering the light switch while Jordan tries to focus on the call.

SHERYL MILLER
(Mouths)
Are you working tonight?

Jordan, visibly irritated by the interruption, shakes his head 'no'. Sheryl throws a fit, flipping Jordan off at how he responded.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(To Brent on the Phone)
I gotta go, brother. Nine o'clock right?

BRENT HARMON
(Through the Phone)
I hear ya. See you at 9

Jordan ends the call, tossing his phone towards his bed before glaring at his mother.

SHERYL MILLER
(Whispers To Herself)
Well, fuck me then for asking a question...

Jordan's fists tighten at his mother's remark, but he steadily calms himself

SHERYL MILLER (CONT'D)
Not like you'll listen, but be careful, cops are out heavy tonight

Jordan raises an eyebrow

JORDAN LAMBERT
Needing to meet yearly quotas to get grant money again? I'm sure you can get something together at dispatch.

Sheryl is focused on her hair, holding a hairbrush in mouth as she secures it in a ponytail as she walks into the bathroom right across from Jordan's room.

SHERYL MILLER
(Sighs and Speaks Muffled)
The calls coming in say something else...

(Takes the brush out)
Just be careful, okay? I hate seeing your number on my board.

Jordan braces his arm on the door frame.

JORDAN LAMBERT
You are in the wrong profession to doubt the lengths of human stupidity... especially for someone in Brent's state of mind...

INT. BRENT HARMON'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brent Harmon is revealed as he is entering his messy apartment. He sets his phone down on a dusty counter, practically covered in various alcohol bottles.

He maneuvers a figurative maze of spilled food stains, dust, and tossed clothes. On an end table is a tear and alcohol stained framed photo of Brent being embraced by a beautiful blonde woman - his ex-fiancee Kayla.

The source of the separation, still a prominent factor in Brent's life, as he sits down on a couch towards the only clean area in his living space - his gaming set up.

Brent puts on a headset and turns the console on with his controller, diving into a first-person-shooter game. He is completely absorbed, losing track of time.

A grenade explosion shifts the view into the next scene.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "FORGOTTEN DESIRES" - NIGHT

Sitting outside in an old pickup truck is Jordan, dressed in what may be described as "business casual attire. Visibly uncomfortable, feeling out of place, he is seen observing crowds of people for potential trouble.

His instincts from his previous life had never left him, in spite of how much he wants them to. Jordan pulls out his phone and calls Brent - the call immediately going to voicemail.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(On the phone)
Yo! Brent! Where the heck are you, dude? I'm at the strip club and about to leave if I don't see any sign of you soon.

Jordan hangs up and sighs, trying to remain positive about the ordeal. He remembers the app Dr Martin sent him off-camera and pulls it up on his phone to pass the time.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Journal)
Where do I even begin? I guess with the news about Paisley's baby; it's kind of bittersweet.

The thought of Paisley becoming a mother scares me a bit, knowing what she's like.

Since the dream I had about the baby as a little girl, I feel really protective of her.

Especially knowing what the father of kid is like... a proper jackass even Nuns would want to dropkick.

She's my sister, after all. Maybe the dream means my niece and I will be close, and maybe the usual trouble I've had with people close to me will finally end.

I hope I'm wrong about Paisley and that she'll step up. She has a tough road ahead, and I'm willing to help where I can.

I'm actually a little excited, especially since the dream seems to have been true - it's a girl.

My sister was almost too eager to admit I was right, haha. It's been a while since we just acted like siblings…

Anyway, I'm writing this while waiting outside the club. Brent, as usual, he's late.

If this wasn't normal for him, I would've left already. But, with everything going on, it's been a long time since we hung out like we used to, before life got so complicated.

I tried to figure out his surprise for me, but he's too good at spotting when I'm trying to trick him. Well, I'm here, so I might as well try to have some fun.
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)

This isn’t really my kind of place, and I thought Brent felt the same way. Guess we’ll see.

I’m not planning to drink; I’ll just use the designated driver excuse, just in case I need to stay alert.

I hate feeling this on edge…”

Jordan sends the journal entry and gets out of his truck; walking towards the club.

A bright red sport scar nearly hits Jordan in the parking lot. Jordan jumps, a visible coldness coming over him until he realizes who was driving - Brent.

Two other men get out of the car with Brent - both dressed in baggy clothes. Unaware of others joining, Jordan's inner alarms are only muffled by the following playful banter.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Joking)
Brent! You have friends!

Brent flips Jordan off, but still reaches his arm out for a bro-hug before introducing CHRIS MULE and TYLER LAVERTY.

BRENT HARMON
Hey! We all went to school together! But this is Chris and Tyler.

CHRIS MULE
Nice to meet ya, big man!

TYLER LAVERTY
(Shouting Excitedly)
Are we just gonna stand here jerking each other off? Or we gonna see some girls!

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Teasing)
Let's get this over with. You don't exactly look like your exes could actually see!

The guys playfully holler at the joke, allowing Jordan to mask his sense of impending trouble.

INT. FORGOTTEN DESIRES MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan, Brent, Chris, and Tyler manage to get themselves a booth next to the wall inside the strip club. Jordan positions himself, back to the wall, able to scan everything.

Unlike the others, Jordan's attention isn't on ogling the waitresses in bikinis or the dancers in barely visible lingerie. Instead, he's scanning the other patrons.

Jordan observes older men at the bar, drunkenly grabbing the waitresses. He watches the men become more aggressive in stance as he presses the soda in his glass towards his lips.

The waitress smacks the man, leading Jordan to crack the outer layer of the glass in his hand as the temptation to act by smashing the cup across the drunken man's face.

Jordan starts to position himself to act, until he sees a bouncer intervene and throw the man out.

Brent, calls over a waitress as Jordan's attention is diverted, whispering to her and passing a $50 bill to her. As she walks away, Brent waves at Jordan to get his attention.

BRENT HARMON
(Waving)
Hey! Jordan! You with me man?

Jordan manages to compose himself, taking notice of Brent's efforts

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sighs)
I'm here, I'm here...

BRENT HARMON
You sure? You don't seem like you're enjoying yourself?

Jordan looks at Brent directly

JORDAN LAMBERT
It's just been a while since I've really been out

BRENT HARMON
I know. Trust me, it was hard to try getting out after I lost Kayla.

Jordan raises an eyebrow

BRENT HARMON (CONT'D)
Okay... I know! I heard enough from my family about how much I screwed up with her.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nods)
Yeah, I remember dude. It was hard to try helping you out...

Brent reaches out to Jordan, patting his shoulder

BRENT HARMON
(Swallows)
I know. But, still, you were there for me and I want to return the favor.

Jordan backs away in his seat

JORDAN LAMBERT
How the hell can you help me?

BRENT HARMON
That's the surprise, my friend.

Brent scoots himself closer to Jordan to help them hear each other better over loud electronic music playing as a new dancer comes on the stage.

BRENT HARMON (CONT'D)
If I lost Kayla like you lost Courtney, I probably would have killed myself.

You've got to be the strongest man I know, but Jordan, it's time to move on.

Chris notices the conversation taking place and leans in to help himself be heard. Tyler, somewhat the oblivious one, is too caught up in the dancer's colorful lingerie practically glowing in the dark.

CHRIS MULE
(Raised Voice)
I know it's not my place, but I heard about what happened to you on the news. It's rough man.

Brent nods towards Chris then focuses back on Jordan.

BRENT HARMON
You want to know my surprise?

Jordan tries his best to suppress his internal panic. The PTSD from his worst nightmare clawing at him from inside.

BRENT HARMON (CONT'D)
(Whispering to Jordan)
What if I could give you one more night with Courtney?

Jordan's eyes widen, the sound of his rising heart rate becoming audible.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Visibly Disturbed)
What the hell are you talking about?

BRENT HARMON
I bought you a dance... you'll see what I'm talking about

Chris taps Tyler with the back of his hand to get his attention.

TYLER LAVERTY
(Confused)
What's going on?

Chris and Brent ignore Tyler's remark to focus on Jordan

BRENT HARMON
Trust me, man, you're not gonna believe what's here until you say 'yes'

Tyler picks up what's going on, joining Chris and Brent on pressuring Jordan into accepting the dance in a practically inaudible wave of noise that overwhelms him

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shouts)
Alright!

The guys cheer as two blonde, bikini-clad waitresses approach Jordan, blindfolding him, and lead him into a back room.

BRENT HARMON
(Shouts)
You'll thank me later, buddy!

INT. FORGOTTEN DESIRES BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan is carefully led to a bench in a curtain sealed room in the back of the club. He can be heard trying to calm himself, taking deep breaths with every step.

The waitresses guide Jordan to the bench, gently whispering instructions to help him find the seat.

One of the waitresses leans down, her lips next to Jordan's ear

WAITRESS 1
Have a good time, sweetie...

The waitresses leave Jordan in the room alone, leaving him to blindly accept and assess the situation. With each breath, he focuses on his surroundings, trying everything in his power to avoid losing control.

A woman, MILA SABIROVA, enters through the curtains, face unseen to the camera but still expressive in posture. She is dressed in black lace lingerie, forming to her curves.

She hates her job, visibly disturbed by what she has to do, but manages to put on a fake sing-song, flirtatious tone in her voice. As she walks towards a blind-folded Jordan, she exaggerates every sway of her step.

Her accent is faint, Eastern European in origin. She approaches Jordan, ready to perform as her fingers brush against his skin to help him remove the blindfold from his face.

She leans next to Jordan's ear to whisper.

MILA SABIROVA
(Flirty)
Are you ready, big boy?

As the blindfold comes off, Mila's face mere inches from Jordan, the revelation triggers another flashback in Jordan's mind.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - FLASHBACK

A treasured memory of Jordan's triggered. Ethereal, yet nearly crystal clear all the same. The sound of a flowing river and singing birds fill the scene as Jordan sits on a hill with a blurred Courtney staring deep into his eyes while on his lap.

The moment is tender, a silence worth more than a thousand words. Courtney leans next to Jordan's ear, face still obscured.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Whispers)
Remember this moment, our lives will never be the same.

Courtney moves to stare Jordan in the eyes, her image clearer than shown before. She was a beautiful brunette woman with pronounced cheekbones and chin, with the softest skin and lips. That image, burned into Jordan's mind, as his smile is briefly.

INT. FORGOTTEN DESIRES BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The scene cuts back to a close-up on Mila's face, revealing a nearly one-in-a-billion chance encounter. Mila was a beautiful brunette woman pronounced cheekbones and chin, with the softest skin and lips; an almost exact look-a-like of Courtney.

The two could have been sisters, were it not for Mila's accent. A sight which overwhelms Jordan, as if the ghost of the woman he loved had somehow returned to torment him.

His breathing becomes rapid, his PTSD getting the better of him. Mila attempts to start her dance as music is cued, but realizes that Jordan is having a panic attack.

MILA SABIROVA
(Worried)
Sir, are you... well?

Jordan, hardly able to focus tries to steady himself but feels overwhelmed

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Panicked)
I need to leave, please...

Mila backs away, realizing the situation, but tries to help

MILA SABIROVA
(Concerned)
It's okay, just take deep breaths, please. You're scaring me.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Tears in Eyes)
I'm sorry. I just... really need to go now. I'm sorry...

Jordan gets up and hurries out of the back room; passing the bouncer from earlier who even seemed concerned for his well-being

INT. FORGOTTEN DESIRES MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan finds himself in the main room of the strip club, still finding himself unable to breathe.

His anxiety getting the best of him; he tries to bolt for the exit but is stopped by drunken Brent, Chris, and Tyler who all start to poke fun at Jordan for leaving the dance early.

BRENT HARMON
(Slurred)
What the heck?! Don't you like my surprise!

TYLER LAVERTY
(Laughing)
I told you guys he wouldn't last!

The guys continue to poke fun at Jordan, not realizing their foolishness only building the pressure inside. Feeling like a caged animal, Jordan finds himself only able to hear the sound of his own pulse rising.

Mila emerges from the back room, intent on finding Jordan, until she's cornered by three older men dressed like bikers. The bikers start grabbing at her wrists, Mila attempting to fight back, until one pins her to the wall and tears her clothes.

The bouncer from earlier attempts to step in, but is quickly subdued by one of the bikers. Mila screams, quickly muffled by one of the men. This is Jordan's trigger to unleash the monster inside.

Jordan's mental state snaps, his eyes calm to a calculated coldness, his breathing so steady it seems he isn't breathing at all, and the very air around him seems to bend like a desert mirage.

Brent realizes Jordan has changed, immediately sobering up as Jordan looks towards the bikers attempting to harm Mila.

BRENT HARMON
(Shouts)
Jordan. Jordan! Don't do it!

Jordan is on the attack, grabbing a nearby beer bottle. The first biker hears Brent, attempts to take a swing at Jordan, but Jordan is able to grab the arm and twist it back.

The arm becomes dislocated as the biker screams. Jordan uses the bottle to knock the man unconscious before moving to the next biker who pulls a knife on Jordan.

BIKER 2 lunges the knife towards Jordan, but Jordan is able to quickly dodge him and slam the bottle towards the back of the head - rendering him unconscious. The knife falls, stabbing Biker 2 in the stomach as he falls.

BIKER 3 has his pants around his ankles when he realizes Jordan is on the attack. Seeing his friends easily taken out, he backs himself into a corner, raising his hands towards Jordan.

BIKER 3
(Begging)
Please, it was just a joke!

Jordan flips the bottle in his hand, grabbing it at the base, and forces it into Biker 3's mouth - dislocating the jaw as teeth snap.

As Biker 3 struggles for breath, Jordan picks him up and slams his face into the nearby wall before throwing him on top of the other two bikers.

Jordan, still a cold focused fighter, scans the environment for more danger. Everyone frozen in fear at Jordan's outburst.

Jordan starts to calm down, eventually feeling a bit in his stomach after seeing Mila, trying to cover herself.

Feeling full of guilt, Jordan rips off a nearby curtain leading into the back room, and uses it to cover Mila up.

Tears in his eyes, seeing the ghost of the woman he lost seemingly afraid of him starts to eat at his soul.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Crying as he whispers)
I'm so sorry for this...

Jordan wipes his eyes and he runs out of the club.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "FORGOTTEN DESIRES" - LATER

Jordan collapses next to his truck, slamming the back of his head over and over into the body of it - the guilt of losing control. He curls himself into a ball, biting his lip to contain the utter frustration.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Muttering to himself)
Son a bitch. Not again, Not like this!

Jordan calms himself slightly but is unable to shake the emotion. Not able to think of anything else to do, Jordan pulls out his smartphone to call Dr Martin - fully expecting voicemail.

A voice prompt instructs Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Voicemail Message)
This is Doctor Angela Martin, please leave your name and the nature of the call after the tone and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

The phone beeps signalling Jordan to record his message.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Rattled)
Hey Dr Martin, it's Jordan Lambert... I fucked up. I lost control at the night club and messed some bikers up bad.

(Deep breaths)
Brent's surprise at the night club... there was this dancer who looks like Courtney!

Not just some passing glance, they could've been sisters. When I saw her, I just couldn't focus and had to leave.

(Nervous chuckle)
She was sweet too. She saw something was wrong and tried to help me... but I just had to leave.

(Through his teeth)
Then that fucking idiot... Brent... he blocked me from the exit. He and these too other punk asses... Chris and Tyler I think their names were.

(Takes deep breaths)
Those morons blocked me from the exit when I tried to leave.

(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Apparently the dancer was coming to check on me but then the bikers cornered her.

The bouncer was knocked out, and they tore her clothes... she tried to scream... that's what set me off.

I beat all three of them unconscious with a beer bottle that was nearby...

The third one tried begging for mercy, saying it was a joke... so I slammed the bottle down his throat and beat him the worst...

(Choking on tears)
I'm… I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

(Takes a deep breath)
Then... I realized the girl watched me... it may as well be like I'd hurt Courtney...

And no... no I didn't hurt the girl. Scared her without a doubt... but I just grabbed a curtain to cover her up and left...

Approaching police sirens in the distance capture Jordan's attention.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Still on the Phone)
I better go, sounds like police are on their way and they'll probably need my statement.

It'll be just my luck if I don't end up in jail tonight. If only I could just win the lottery and disappear.

Jordan ends the message and puts away his phone while standing up and straightening his appearance. He takes a seat against the hood of his truck, arms folded, waiting for the inevitable.

The flashes of red and blue lights against his face trigger yet another memory, one that might be the deepest burned one yet.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jordan's mind shifts to the memory that serves as the foundation for his deepest nightmare; the night he lost everything. Though somewhat ethereal to indicate a flashback, these scene is one of Jordan's clearest memories.

Jordan is seen in a black beanie, dark clothes, wearing a bulletproof vest, with a badge around his neck saying "Fugitive Recovery Agent."

He rushes out of an old car he used to own, running towards a police barricade. Officers stop him as he tries to break through, holding him back.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shouting)
Let me go! That's my house!

Another officer, CALEB WINSTON, approaches with remorse in his eyes. It's obvious by his demeanor that he and Jordan know one another. Caleb waves towards the other officers holding Jordan back.

CALEB WINSTON
(Yells)
Let him through! I'll take care of him.

Jordan nearly falls as the other officers stop holding him back. He glares at them as he moves closer to Caleb, who stops him in his place.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Emotional)
Caleb... is it...

Caleb nods his head, the pain of having to deliver the news of loss to Jordan - a childhood friend - eating at him.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Tears in his eyes)
And the baby?

CALEB WINSTON
(Deep breath)
I'm so sorry Jordan...

Jordan collapses to the ground as he watches Courtney's lifeless body being wheeled into the back of an ambulance. He breathing becomes rapid, leading to one loud, painful, primal scream into the heavens.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "FORGOTTEN DESIRES" - MOMENTS LATER

The scene transitions back to the "present" as Officer Caleb Winston is seen walking towards Jordan. Perhaps the familiar face Jordan needed to see in order to process what was happening, Caleb tries to be nonchalant with his friend.

CALEB WINSTON
(Jokingly)
Hunting again, Jordan?

Jordan looks to his friend, shaking his hand.

JORDAN LAMBERT
No... just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

CALEB WINSTON
(Nods)
Good, cause I don't think Angela would be happy if you were...

Both men smile slightly, chuckling at the remark

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
So, you gonna tell me what happened or am I waiting for three dead bodies?

Jordan shakes his head, his demeanor becoming more nervous.

JORDAN LAMBERT
No... no... you know I don't kill unless there was clearly no other choice...

CALEB WINSTON
Yeah, I do. I also know what you've been through and that you know that I can't help you unless you tell me what happened.

Jordan takes a deep breath to control himself.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Have you seen the girl?

CALEB WINSTON
(Confused)
What girl, Jordan, talk to me. I heard from dispatch that you covered a girl up with a curtain, her?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Frustrated)
Yes, yes her...

CALEB WINSTON
(Nods)
Alright, breathe... start from the beginning

Jordan eases his tension

JORDAN LAMBERT
Do you know if she's okay?

Caleb gets frustrated with Jordan's concerns

CALEB WINSTON
My colleagues are with her right now... I can imagine she's okay, but rattled if she saw you in action.

Jordan takes a deep breath, his eyes glancing toward the entrance of the club.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nods)
Alright... alright... I was only here to find out some surprise my friend Brent Harmon kept saying he had...

CALEB WINSTON
What sort of surprise?

Jordan glances towards the entrance of the club and sees a female officer, BAILEY EASTMAN, escorting Mila outside. Mila is dressed in street clothes, covered with a blanket.

Caleb realizes where Jordan is staring, seeing the resemblance Mila possessed to Jordan's lost love.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Crying)
She looks just like her...

CALEB WINSTON
(Sighs)
I can see it. That's... that's intense.

Caleb looks back at Jordan, realizing exactly what happened.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
I think I see.
(Shakes his head)
You know, Jordan... There's a facility in the area looking into PTSD treatments using psychedelic mushrooms.

Seems like there's some promising results behind it. Dr Martin might be able to get you a referral...

Jordan sighs.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
Alright. Stay here, I need to go talk to the other officers. I can trust you not to go anywhere, right?

Jordan nods, staying by his truck as Caleb walks towards the club.

In the moments of silence, Jordan and Mila seemingly unconsciously stare towards one another - the distance between them masking the lingering feelings towards one another.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE LOBBY - NEXT DAY

The scene shifts to Jordan once again sitting in Dr Martin's office lobby. As he is sitting, his entire body seems to melt in the chair as guilt from his outburst at the strip club overwhelms him.

Dr Martin steps out, sees Jordan's state, and takes a deep breath before letting him inside. Without saying a word, the two share enough of a mutual understanding, knowing where this conversation is going.

Jordan, however, doesn't know that Dr Martin has a surprise waiting for him.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan steps inside Dr Martin's office, caught off guard by a surprise visitor dressed in civilian clothes rather than his police uniform.

CALEB WINSTON
(Smiles)
How are you holding up, bud?

Jordan smiles at the sight of his friend, extending his hand for a shake.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Surprised)
Been better, dude. What are you doing here?

Dr Martin stands behind her desk, pulling out her chair. Two other chairs are positioned in front of her, for Jordan and Caleb.

ANGELA MARTIN
Because of the nature of today's discussion, I asked Caleb if he would join us for your session... if that is alright?

Dr Martin gestures the men to each take a seat.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
I don't want you to feel like we're trying to outnumber you in any way...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nervous)
No, it's okay. I trust your judgement, and... well I can't really recall a time Caleb and I ever been at odds... so...

Caleb pats Jordan on the shoulder to comfort him.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(To Caleb)
Actually, if you don't mind and if it's not going to cause trouble, I was wanting to ask you about the girl?

Angela nods towards Caleb.

CALEB WINSTON
She's okay, Jordan. To be honest, even though you scared her, she was more worried about you.

Jordan flinches at the remark

JORDAN LAMBERT
Is that so?

ANGELA MARTIN
And so we can start off on a good foot, Caleb, why don't you share what you told me earlier?

Jordan anxiously looks towards Angela, then Caleb.

CALEB WINSTON
It's about the bikers you assaulted at the club, J.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Silent)
Oh...

CALEB WINSTON
You did some damage... a few cracked bones, a stab wound, busted death and dislocated jaw...

But, because of who it was you took down... you're in the clear.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shocked)
What do you mean?

CALEB WINSTON
The guys you took out were on my department's most wanted list for a string of assaults and robberies.

We've been looking for them for a few months now, and after what you did, they were begging to be locked up so they wouldn't see you again...

Jordan takes a moment to process the information before Caleb continues.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
You got lucky, Jordan. You may have helped some people out, but favors are running short.

I can't guarantee another outburst like that won't land you in deep shit.

ANGELA MARTIN
Which is why I asked Caleb to be here today...

Jordan shuts his eyes in anticipation for where the conversation was to likely lead.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Jordan, it is my understanding that you had trouble talking about the situation with Caleb when you two last spoke...

Now that you had some time to process things, we would like for you to tell us your recollection about what happened that night...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Frowns)
Alright... where should I start?

Dr Martin prepares a notebook and clicks her pen.

ANGELA MARTIN
Start from the journal entry you left last night. Based on what I read, you were waiting in the parking lot for Brent?

Jordan takes a moment to settle in his chair.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah. I figured it would be a good time to sort out my thoughts while I was waiting...

ANGELA MARTIN
So, start from there. I can only gather so much from what has been shown to me.

You mentioned in your voicemail about a Chris and Tyler?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah...
(Glances towards Caleb)
I don't remember ever getting their last names.
(Focuses back on Dr Martin)
But when Brent finally showed up they were in his new sports car with him.

(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Allegedly we all went to school together but I don't recall ever seeing them before that night.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Jotting notes)
And how did that make you feel?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Given the circumstances, I tried to brush it off but it didn't sit right.

I wanted to just leave as my own anxieties about going out.

We all introduced ourselves to each other, cracked a few jokes, until one of them suggested we head inside to look at the women...

ANGELA MARTIN
Now given what you told me about Brent's addiction, do you feel that you may have attributed them to being active influences in Brent's behavior?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Perhaps?
(Shrugs)
I'm not joined to the guy by the hip, but something about them seemed off.

Tyler, he seemed like he was genuinely an idiot; if I'm being completely honest...

Dr Martin jots down a few notes.

ANGELA MARTIN
Please, continue.

Jordan nods

JORDAN LAMBERT
Anyway, we managed to get a booth. Things seemed fine but I found myself scanning everyone inside.

It just didn't feel right being there, I was looking for an excuse to justify the way I felt
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Then I noticed an older guy at the bar harassing a waitress. He started getting 'handsy,' I felt my blood pressure rising enough that the glass in my hand start to crack...

ANGELA MARTIN
Were you drinking when this happened?

JORDAN LAMBERT
No, you know me, I don't drink unless it's a special occasion and I ain't driving... this was anything but that...

ANGELA MARTIN
Go on...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Thankfully the bouncer intervened before I did, kicked the guy out. That's when I noticed Brent trying to get my attention...

Caleb listens intently to Jordan's statements, as if to skim for any new information. Dr Martin takes careful notes.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
That's when he told me about wanting to give me "one more night with Courtney."

I was hesitant but eventually caved to the peer pressure. That's when two girls came out, blindfolded me, then lead me into the back room where I saw her...

CALEB WINSTON
The stripper?

Jordan gives Caleb a slight glare to indicate he was uncomfortable with referring to Mila as "the stripper."

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah, her. Just seeing her... it felt like Courtney was back... it was just too real and I had to leave.

(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
She really was sweet at that moment. She knew just a little too quick something wrong and tried to help...

Which was why when I left, got cornered by the guys, and heard her scream... I couldn't hold in...

Dr Martin turns her computer monitor, revealing security footage from the club showing Jordan in action. No screams, no yelling, just the revelation of Jordan's strength from an outside perspective.

Jordan sinks in his seat, seeing how others view him with his monster on fully display.

ANGELA MARTIN
This is the first time you really see yourself, isn't it?

Jordan nods as he continues to watch, seeing the damage he did to the bikers at the very moment all three were subdued.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shocked)
It is.

The video continues to show Jordan ripping the curtain from the wall. Dr Martin pauses it to show Mila and Jordan first making eye contact, the moment emotional enough to feel like a painting on the screen.

ANGELA MARTIN
I had asked Caleb to bring footage from the incident in today, so I could better understand what took place.

Also, to give you an opportunity to see through the eyes of everyone else your actions affect.

Dr Martin zooms in on the image of Jordan and Mila.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Your actions may be somewhat justified. But an outburst like this puts yourself and others in harm's way.

(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Though I cannot lie when I say that seeing this very frame showed me something I had yet to really see in you...

Can you tell me why that is?

Jordan's eye begin to water as he shifts his weight to get his wallet out from his pocket.

He opens it to dig out a photo of him and Courtney in a loving embrace - their faces full of love and happiness.

Jordan hands the photo to Caleb, who immediately is amazed by the image.

CALEB WINSTON
(Smiles)
It is nice to finally get to see what she looked like full of life. She's gorgeous Jordan...

Caleb holds the photo up, placing Courtney's face in direct line of sight of Mila's image of the monitor. The resemblance between the two women staggering.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
You're a lucky guy.

Dr Martin is intrigued by this exchange as Caleb and Jordan exchange a look - Caleb mentally asking if he can pass the photo along. Jordan nods, letting Caleb pass the photo to Dr Martin.

Dr Martin looks at the photo, turning her computer monitor to compare the resemblance for herself.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I figured it would be easier to show why...

ANGELA MARTIN
(Surprised)
I see that.

Dr Martin hands the photo back to Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
I know Caleb brought up some trials involving psychedelic mushrooms... have you given it some thought?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sarcastic)
I have. Truthfully, I prefer mushrooms on pizza.

Caleb snickers at Jordan's joke. Dr Martin rolls her eyes and smirks.

ANGELA MARTIN
Jordan...

JORDAN LAMBERT
I know. I know.
(Sighs)
Can you send me on more information so I can think about it?

I know that you two are trying to help, and quite frankly you're among the few people I trust.

But given circumstances of my life at the moment, I don't want to entirely lose my intimidation...

ANGELA MARTIN
And why is that?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I know it's not my place to worry, but it's Paisley's boyfriend. From what I gather, he's scared of me...

CALEB WINSTON
(Jokingly)
Jordan, just how big you are has scared people since middle school. Usually they weren't good people to begin with.

Dr Martin flinches

ANGELA MARTIN
(Curious)
How long have you two exactly known each other?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Like he said, since middle school.

Dr Martin notes the relationship in her journal

ANGELA MARTIN
That explains why you two are so nonchalant with each other

CALEB WINSTON
(To Jordan)
Paisley's boyfriend, what's his name?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Daren Saint, I believe. Mid-30s. With everything that's happened, I want him afraid until he earns trust...

Caleb rolls his eyes in annoyance.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
I take it you met?

Caleb shakes his head. Jordan holds his hands up in surrender, indicating he won't dig for more.

ANGELA MARTIN
I see. Well... Jordan... I will send you the information and you let me know if it sounds like something you'll consider.

Caleb looks towards the clock on Dr Martin's wall.

CALEB WINSTON
I should get going, it was good to see you both again.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE LOBBY - LATER

Caleb is seen leaving Dr Martin's office later. Jordan rushes out to catch him before he goes.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Hey, Caleb...

Caleb stops to see Jordan holding his hand out for what seems like a handshake - but Caleb uses it to pull Jordan in for a hug.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Emotional)
I just want to thank you, for everything, brother

Jordan and Caleb smack each other's backs in the embrace

CALEB WINSTON
You'd do the same for me...

Caleb releases Jordan from the embrace, nodding to say goodbye to both him and Dr Martin. Jordan, eyes watered, jumps slightly when he sees Dr Martin behind him with a tissue box.

ANGELA MARTIN
How do you feel?

Jordan grabs a couple tissues to clear his face.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiling)
Pretty good, actually

Dr Martin sets the tissues aside, smiling.

ANGELA MARTIN
For what it's worth, in spite of how the incident made you feel, you are doing so well

Jordan looks towards Dr Martin.

JORDAN LAMBERT
What about letting the monster out?

ANGELA MARTIN
Did it? Because, as scary as it looked, no monster would've covered the frightened woman like you did...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Maybe you're right...

Angela brushes Jordan's arm to comfort him.

ANGELA MARTIN
May I ask you something?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Sure, what is it?

Dr Martin looks intently towards Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN
What are you going to do if you see her again? The girl.

Jordan sighs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Honestly, I don't know.

Dr Martin smirks.

ANGELA MARTIN
If I may offer a suggestion... I think if you feel something towards her... you should ask her out?

Jordan raises an eyebrow towards her.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
I know, you mentioned it feels like you're cheating on Courtney. But, truly think about this Jordan...

Would she want you to be alone?

Jordan sighs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
No, no she wouldn't.

ANGELA MARTIN
After seeing Courtney's photo, I understand now where you were in shock at her appearance.

The resemblance between them is eerie. Even I have to admit that. But there appears to be something there.

And, don't try to think that you're trying to replace Courtney... no one can replace what you clearly had with her.

Try to think of the resemblance as being nothing more than you having a type.

You might be surprised at what you might find.

Jordan smiles towards Dr Martin, signalling his trust in her judgement.

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

An older man, HECTOR DELGADO, dressed in dark clothes and a leather jacket is smoking a cigar while overlooking documents. Obvious high-up in the criminal element, he is the owner of the strip club.

A gangster comes in, "FLAYA" EASTMAN, dressed in stereotypical baggy clothes while holding a tablet.

FLAYA EASTMAN
(Shouts)
Hey boss!

Hector looks up, annoyed at the intrusion

FLAYA EASTMAN (CONT'D)
I've got the replay from the fight the other night.

Looks like Daren Cross and his boys tried messing with a bitch and some big mofo messed them up...

But, that big guy... sumthin' ain't right about him?

Flaya hands Hector the tablet showing security footage of Jordan's outburst at Forgotten Desires, queued up to play at the touch of the screen

HECTOR DELGADO
(Sighs)
Flaya, I told you to be more respectful to my ladies...

FLAYA EASTMAN
Whateva' just touch the tablet and see what I mean

Hector sighs, tapping the tablet screen to play the video. Barely moments go by before the cigar in Hector's mouth drops from awe of seeing Jordan's combat skill.

HECTOR DELGADO
(Whispers)
El Grand Cabrón...

FLAYA EASTMAN
(Confused)
Who the fuck is the Big Goat?

Hector focused on the footage moments longer before letting the tablet fall to his desk.

HECTOR DELGADO
(Growling)
It's not the "big goat" you stupid idiot! He's called the Big Bastard!

Flaya jumps back

FLAYA EASTMAN
(Yells)
Hey! Woah! I was just asking a question!

HECTOR DELGADO
(Angered and Panicked)
That girl! You need to get that girl out of here! She is no longer to have any affiliation with this club!

FLAYA EASTMAN
Boss, why the fuck would you...

Hector Delgado jumps from his seat, furious at Flaya.

HECTOR DELGADO
(Interrupts Angrily)
Do not harm her! Do not let her come to any harm! Do not give her any reason to suspect anything!

I don't care if she brings in the 'most dough,' she will get us all killed if we don't cut her loose, now!

FLAYA EASTMAN
The fuck is going on? Why not just kill her?

HECTOR DELGADO
(Growling)
Are you listening to me, you stupid fuck?! We cannot let that man have any reason to know what's going on.

Flaya is confused, holding his hands up towards Hector

FLAYA EASTMAN
What's the deal with this fool? What did he do?

Hector's head drops as he sighs - prompting him to reach for a mini fridge under his desk and grab out a bottle of tequila and two glasses.

HECTOR DELGADO
(Deep Breath)
I suppose you haven't been working for me long enough to know the story

Hector pours the tequila in both glasses

HECTOR DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Holding up glass)
Drink?

Flaya accepts the drink and downs it in one gulp. Hector sips and sits himself back down.

HECTOR DELGADO (CONT'D)
I apologize. First, El Grand Cabrón does literally mean "the big goat," but don't rely too much on cheap tutors online...

(Takes another sip)
El Grand Cabrón was a bounty hunter, brutal... effective... focused.

In the beginning, he was just a pain in the ass that was too good at his job. Managed to arrest my brother.

Granted, my bother was not the wisest and frequently smacked around his wife... so, something was bound to happen.

But then... something happened. El Grand Cabrón's woman an unborn child were murdered... by my fucking nephew.

FLAYA EASTMAN
What happened?

Hector takes another drink from his tequila.

HECTOR DELGADO
I could never get Carlos to talk. Probably out of ego to admit the scar on his face was caused by a woman.

But I suspected two things...

Hector holds up two fingers

HECTOR DELGADO (CONT'D)
Either, one, Carlos acted in revenge for his father dying in a prison fight.

Hector puts down his pointer finger, leaving the middle one up

HECTOR DELGADO (CONT'D)
Or two, the stupid bastard just got lucky. Whatever happened... it pissed off the wrong bastard.

El Grand Cabrón, he suddenly stopped caring about the money. Word was, he was looking for who took his love.

Even if it meant leaving anyone who stood in his way so physically broken, they became trapped in their bodies.

FLAYA EASTMAN
So why not just kill him?

Hector looks at Flaya in disbelief.

HECTOR DELGADO
You don't think we tried? We had him shot, he shoots the shooter right in the eye!

We had people try jumping him, El Grand Cabrón just threw their bodies like dolls after he paralyzed them.

Someone tried attack him while he was out grocery shopping, made a huge mess. He was beaten so brutally, he will live the rest of his life like a four-year-old.

A racer tried slamming his car into El Grand Cabrón... he was the only one to leave a mark...

But even then... El Grand Cabrón managed to cut him deep enough his guts risked falling out...

Flaya holds his arm over his torso and cringes.

FLAYA EASTMAN
Jesus fuck! How did you get him to stop?

HECTOR DELGADO
A fucking miracle. Some cops on the inside told us that one of them was a childhood friend of Cabrón...

So an idea was put forward. We use the friend to get El Grand Cabrón to "retire on his own terms," maybe seek therapy.

FLAYA EASTMAN
Therapy? The fuck you on about?

Hector shakes his head.

HECTOR DELGADO
This is what you young punks don't understand. Those stupid fucking video games got you thinking that all your fucking problems can be solved by shooting them!

Flaya readies himself.

FLAYA EASTMAN
Well... you right...

Flaya pulls a handgun from his waist and shoots Hector three times, killing him instantly.

FLAYA EASTMAN (CONT'D)
(Mutters)
Who the punk now?

Flaya pulls out his smartphone and calls CARLOS DELGADO, who remains unseen but voice can be heard through Flaya's phone.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Over the phone)
The fuck you want!

FLAYA EASTMAN
It's done.

CARLOS DELGADO
What did he say?

FLAYA EASTMAN
To fire the girl from the club so some goatman don't start killing everybody

CARLOS DELGADO
The slut still has some use... I'll decide when she's done. Now, is that bitch sister of yours still a cop?

FLAYA EASTMAN
Yes sir... want her to arrest this goatman?

CARLOS DELGADO
No... I want her and the other pigs to watch him and the bitch for a few days. I'm almost ready...

Carlos hangs up the phone. Flaya shakes his head and leaves Hector's office.

FLAYA EASTMAN
I better be fucking paid for this shit...

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Days later, Jordan is seen in the parking lot of a grocery store, loading bags into the back of his truck.

He observes his surroundings out of habit, as even in this mundane everyday moment his anxieties about some new threat never quite leave him.

His cart nearly empty, a familiar woman catches his eye as she passes a final row of cars to enter the store. He watches closer, realizing it's the dancer from the globe, his attention catching hers in the moment.

Jordan tries to hide his gaze, but Mila is already uneasy as she tries to determine if it is really the man who saved her - and if it is safe to approach him.

Jordan loads the last of the bags into his truck, and walks the cart over to the stall closest to Mila. Mila, finally certain of who Jordan is, walks up to him - still uneasy about how things will unfold.

MILA SABIROVA
(Nervous)
Umm, hello... did we meet the other night?

Jordan, shy thanks to the still prevalent resemblance, locks eyes with Mila and nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah, I believe we did...

Mila shuffles in her stance, visibly nervous and intimidated by Jordan's gaze. Jordan, using every ounce of his strength to stay in the moment, takes a deep breath.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Nervous)
I... I'm sorry if I hurt you that night.

MILA SABIROVA
(Laughs nervously)
You have nothing to apologize for. Those pigs deserved it... but are you okay?

JORDAN LAMBERT
As much as I can be...

Mila starts to feel the sense that Jordan doesn't want to be talking to her, feeling put off by his stance. Her voice cracks, allowing her native accent to reveal itself through her carefully selected English.

MILA SABIROVA
I could tell. But, I hoped to see you again... to thank you for helping me.

Jordan nods, starting to pick up on Mila's anxiety

JORDAN LAMBERT
You're welcome...

Mila starts to back away. Jordan, not wanting to end things on that note, takes another deep breath.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
To be honest... I've been worried about you since that night.

Mila smiles.

MILA SABIROVA
I am happy to hear you say that. I was worried for you as well.

JORDAN LAMBERT
For what it's worth, thank you for that.

MILA SABIROVA
(Confused)
For what?

JORDAN LAMBERT
For caring, though would I be correct in guessing that you have quite the story.

Mila's visibly confused, yet intrigued, by Jordan's remark.

MILA SABIROVA
I just... I knew you didn't belong in that place. I know you are different.

Jordan starts to calm himself further.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Can I ask you what your name is?

Mila's eyes widen.

MILA SABIROVA
(Surprised)
Why do you want to know?

JORDAN LAMBERT
There's just something about you that I'd like to get to know more about, an elegance in the way you carry yourself.

And, if you are okay with it, I'd like to take you out to dinner to get to know you better.

Mila can't help but smile.

MILA SABIROVA
I'd love to. There is the new Latin restaurant that just opened I want to try. Shall we meet there, tonight?

Jordan grins, trying to keep his cool under a new excitement.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah, sounds good. I've been wanting to try it too.

Mila pulls out her smartphone, unlocks it, and opens her contact list before handing it to Jordan.

MILA SABIROVA
(Handing the phone to Jordan)
I am Mila Sabirova.

Jordan catches the hint, and repeats Mila's gestures on his smartphone before handing it to her.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Passing the phone)
My name is Jordan Lambert. It's a pleasure to finally know the name of such a beautiful woman as yourself.

Mila blushes as she and Jordan enter their phone numbers into eachother's devices.

MILA SABIROVA
It is nice to meet you properly, Jordan. I will be seeing you.

Mila walks away, playfully winking towards Jordan before walking into the grocery store. Jordan smiles, trying to contain his excitement.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Mouthing to self)
I can't believe I just did that!

INT. GROCERY STORE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A brief shot of Mila inside the store reveals her smiling as she watches Jordan excitedly hurry back to his truck. She giggles as she notices him almost dancing with every step.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jordan gets in his truck, still excited by his date. Jordan checks his phone, ensuring Mila's information is saved, then opens the journaling app Dr Martin gave him.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Journaling)
Well… you asked what I would do if I saw her again, the girl from the club. I finally have an answer for you, Dr. Martin.

I saw her again, I was just running errands, and she happened to find me at the store. The conversation was a bit awkward, and now that I've talked to her, I realize I need to be careful with my words.

She has a faint accent, kind of sounds Russian or Ukrainian, I'm not sure.

It's clear that while her English is good, there are probably some nuances she's still figuring out.

I'm getting sidetracked.

Anyway, to answer the earlier question about 'What would I do?'

I asked her on a date tonight at the new Latin restaurant, and to my surprise, she said yes.

I'll update more later, but I need to get home.

I'm writing this in the grocery store parking lot, and my ice cream is melting.

Talk soon.

And thank you for believing in me. I don't think I'll take up the offer on the mushroom experiments just yet.

I think I might just have a chance to get through this on my own. And I guess I might reach out to Brent, tell him thank you.

His poorly thought-out plan got me a date with a beautiful woman. I don't think even he thought it would go that far.

Jordan sends the journal off and starts his truck, revealing the bags of frozen items - including the aforementioned ice cream - sitting in his back seat.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - JORDAN'S BEDROOM/OFFICE - LATER

Jordan is found trying on dress shirts to prepare for her date with Mila - his nerves making it difficult for him to find anything to help him "feel good."

His confidence slowly building is distracted by a sudden notification on his smartphone, revealing a response from Dr. Martin to his latest journal entry.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Through Message)
Oh my goodness Jordan! I'm proud of you! This is such a big step you're taking!

I don't want to ruin the moment for you, but in the interest of your well-being I want you to just take a few things into consideration as you go through with this.

1. What is your hope for tonight? Are you taking this as an opportunity to get to meet someone new, or are you taking shade in the new light in Courtney's shadow?

2. It is obvious the resemblance between Mila and Courtney is uncanny. But ask yourself this, can you look at Mila and see her? And by extension, is Mila someone you would still be interested in if the resemblance wasn't there?

3. Perhaps most importantly, if you and Mila met under more normal circumstances, would she still be interested in you?

I don't expect you to have an answer to these questions now, and please don't take this as me saying you shouldn't go through with this date.

I am actually quite proud of you!

(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Just remember to take these things into consideration so neither you nor Mila run into unreasonable expectations and spoil what could be an amazing connection between you two. Be safe and have fun.

I’m looking forward to hearing how well it does!

All the best,
Dr. Angela Martin

Sheryl Miller passes Jordan's doorway, taking notice of his unusually groomed self.

SHERYL MILLER
Hey, what's got you all pretty?

Jordan is reluctant to share.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I, uh... have a date.

SHERYL MILLER
Really? Who's the girl?

Jordan swallows, knowing that a fight was likely to brew from the truth.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Reluctant)
Her name is Mila... the girl from the strip club...

Sheryl's fists clench at the sound of the strip club, knowing full well what happened

SHERYL MILLER
(Hesitant)
Are you sure that's a good idea, being that she's the reason you lost control... again?!

Jordan's temper immediately flares towards his mother

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Angered)
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

SHERYL MILLER
(Condescending)
It just seems like you met that girl you can't control yourself and I don't want to lose my job because you think with your dick!

Jordan's fists clench.

JORDAN LAMBERT
So, miss 911... you think I should've just let her get raped? How would that little tidbit affect you job, doing nothing?

Sheryl, obviously not expecting the backlash, clenches her fists and grits her teeth

SHERYL MILLER
Don't fucking talk to me like that!

JORDAN LAMBERT
No, no, this is going down. How come every single time Paisley screws up, you defend her? You bail her out!

Yet, just because I'm a fucking man, you are eager to leave me in the fucking ditch!

You twist every little thing like you're the damn victim, even when I had to defend myself.

So, unless there's something you're not telling me, shut up!

Sheryl's eyes practically bulge as she slams her fist into the wall. But to Jordan's surprise, she actually calms down, taking deep breaths.

SHERYL MILLER
Jordan, the owner of that nightclub was found dead at a construction site...

The complete 180 in the situation stuns Jordan.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shocked)
What? When?

SHERYL MILLER
They found him last night. I don't know much, and don't you dare say anything, but they don't think he was killed there.

I think it was some supervisor who found him sticking out in wet concrete.

Jordan realizes that this information means that his outburst at the nightclub was likely coming under observation.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Great... last thing I needed on this date was stalkers in blue...

Sheryl leans her head into the door frame, almost apologetic at her earlier remarks.

SHERYL MILLER
Are you sure you still want to go out?

Jordan sighs, his face saying it all. Sheryl starts to walk away.

SHERYL MILLER (CONT'D)
(High pitched, condescending)
Oh... kay

Sheryl's tone, practically emulating the sound of nails on a chalkboard, is a passive aggressive trigger for Jordan - which Sheryl knows and uses it openly.

Jordan, rolls his eyes, realizing how little any further arguments would matter.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Mutters under breath)
If you ever get to see her, maybe you'll understand why I have to go...

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

The shot transitions to Mila, walking down a city street; dressed in a skin-tight beige dress which accents her figure.

Her hair is straighten to an almost doll-like perfection, seems to shimmer in the evening light - complementing the scattered sequins on the black cover draped over her shoulders.

Subtle mannerisms in Mila's stride hint at a parallel mental struggle with Jordan's, allowing her to see his pain quickly compared to others around him

The visual is stunning, a young woman glimmering with hope for a new romance. Mila shifts a purse from over her shoulder to her front as she reaches inside, her fingers checking to see if she remembered to pack her stun gun.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "AZÚCAR & FIRE LATIN FOOD RESTAURANT" - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan stands by his truck, waiting for Mila. Dressed in a black suit, white button-up shirt, and black dress shoes - Jordan obviously took time to better his appearance.

Though obviously nervous for the date, his demeanor is surprisingly calm. Even as he sees Mila at the edge of the lot, his heart only races with excitement and captivation by her appearance.

His focus fades to yet another memory, one of his most treasured.

EXT. GARDEN GAZEBO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The scene fades to yet another blurry memory, revealing Courtney in a black sequined dress approaching Jordan in the same outfit.

They are meeting under a gazebo lit by strings of lights in the middle of a rose garden. Jordan takes Courtney's hand and they embrace, slowly letting themselves flow into a gentle dance as fireflies appear around them.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Echoes)
I hope you’re ready

Jordan and Courtney can be seen leaning into a kiss as the memory fades.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "AZÚCAR & FIRE LATIN FOOD RESTAURANT" - MOMENTS LATER

Mila steps in front of Jordan with a loving but nervous smile, catching him lost in the memory. Jordan pull his attention to the present.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nervously)
My... you look amazing.

Mila blushes, brushing her hair to the side.

MILA SABIROVA
Thank you. So do you!

Jordan's voice catches in his throat. Chuckling to power through the nerves, Jordan gestures towards the door into the restaurant.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Shall we head inside? I'm not very good at this part, so maybe we can let the food break the ice?

MILA SABIROVA
(Giggles)
Yes, let's go. I am hungry.

Jordan and Mila walk side by side to the doors of the restaurant. Jordan, doing his best to be the gentleman, opens the door for Mila.

INT. AZÚCAR & FIRE LATIN FOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan and Mila step inside the restaurant, immediately captured by the invigorating smells of dishes inspired by various Latin countries and atmosphere, helping mask anxieties for the date.

A waitress approaches the budding couple, menus in arm.

WAITRESS 2
Table for two?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
Yes please

Jordan gestures Mila to lead the way. She smiles as the two follow the waitress to an empty table. Jordan pulls out a chair for Mila, helping her push in to the table.

WAITRESS 2
Shall I get you two something to drink?

Jordan takes a seat.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
A white wine, please.

Jordan glances towards the drinks section of the menu.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Just a cola for me, gotta drive.

The waitress jots down the drink order before walking away.

WAITRESS 2
(Cheerful)
Gotcha, I will be back to get your order!

While waiting for their drinks, both Jordan and Mila start going through the menu to see what their options are. Both find themselves glancing towards delicious pastas passing them.

MILA SABIROVA
It smells wonderful here!

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiling)
Yes, it does. Anything stand out to you?

Another waitress passes with a pasta dish that catches both Jordan's and Mila's attention, pushing them to try finding it on the menu.

MILA SABIROVA
Do you know what you want?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Oh yes!

Jordan manages to find the dish on the menu, listed as Fideos del Amor, or “Noodles of Love.” The menu describes it as:

“Hand-rolled fettuccine tossed in a creamy roasted poblano and garlic sauce, with a hint of smoked paprika. Topped with slow-cooked pulled mojo chicken, caramelized onions, and a drizzle of lime crema. Garnished with fresh cilantro and shaved cotija cheese.”

Jordan folds his menu with a smile. Mila can be seen reading the menu carefully as the waitress returns with their drink orders. Placing the drinks on the table, the waitress readies a pen and notebook.

WAITRESS 2
A white wine for the lady, and a cola for the gentleman. Have you decided what you're going to order?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm ready. Do you want to order first?

Jordan glances toward Mila, who tilts her menu towards the waitress and points to it.

MILA SABIROVA
I'll have... this...

Jordan takes a sip of his drink, taking note of Mila's difficulty with trying to pronounce the Latin-inspired dishes

WAITRESS 2
(Cheerful)
Excellent choice, dear! And what about you, sir?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'll take the "Noodles of Love."

The waitress gushes at Jordan's order.

WAITRESS 2
Awww, that's sweet. First date?

Mila and Jordan both look at each other, blushing at the suggestion.

WAITRESS 2 (CONT'D)
(Jaw open)
You two are adorable. Two orders of Fideos del Amor, coming up!

Jordan's eyes widen as the waitress takes the order to the kitchen.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
You ordered it too?

MILA SABIROVA
It looks delicious!

They both laugh at the synchronicity, emotional walls coming down. Jordan playfully wipes his face as the laughter calms. After moments pass Mila looks down the table.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Concerned)
Is something wrong?

Mila wipes her eyes and looks at Jordan.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
No, everything is okay. It has been a long time since I could laugh at something.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Curious)
Your mystery deepens...

Mila smiles.

MILA SABIROVA
You're the mystery

JORDAN LAMBERT
Well, we're here. Much to my surprise, after all that's happened you said yes to the date.

I may as well be upfront with you.

MILA SABIROVA
I appreciate honesty. To tell you the truth I'm still trying to understand what it was I saw that night.

Where did you learn to fight like that? Were you in the military?

Jordan takes a deep breath.

JORDAN LAMBERT
No. I wasn't. But the people who trained me used to be Navy Seals, former CIA, NSA, jobs like that.

MILA SABIROVA
(Surprised)
Were you a spy?

Jordan laughs and shakes his head.

JORDAN LAMBERT
No. I don't really care much for corporate or political motivations getting in the way of being in the field.

I was a bounty hunter; paid to track down criminals who thought they could run away.

And when I wasn't doing that, I assisted with private investigations.

There were some cases I took on that became particularly dangerous; so I became even worse so I could make it home at night.

MILA SABIROVA
Did something happen to you?

Jordan's words catch in his throat, stuck between wanting to be honest and not ruin the mood of the evening.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Stutters)
Uh, yeah... something that changed everything and I had to leave it behind.

Though, as you saw, some things still linger. I've done my best to try to walk away; built up my own company with some of the skills I developed.

But, the shift hasn't been easy. I ended up having to move back home, been trying to help my mom and sister out with their insanity.

Mila can sense Jordan's hesitation to go into his life further. In the way he tucks his face, avoids eye contact, she could see he was struggling in some mental capacity - wanting to dig further but not upset him.

She looks him deep in the eye.

MILA SABIROVA
That is admirable of you. But, if it is not too personal, can I ask why did you leave when you saw my face at the club?

Jordan sighs and starts to adjust himself in his seat to pull out his wallet. Mila, concerned she had upset him, starts to worry.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Worried)
Are you leaving? I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked.

Jordan opens his wallet and pulls out the photo of him and Courtney.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Mila, it's okay. If I was in your shoes that night I'd want to know what happened too.

He holds the photo up, fighting the hesitation to show Mila the truth.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
But, it would probably be easier if I showed you.

Jordan hands the photo off to Mila, his uneasiness evident on his face. Mila takes a look at the photo, he jaw dropping at the resemblance.

MILA SABIROVA
(Shocked)
What... she's beautiful. Who is she?

JORDAN LAMBERT
That was my fiancee, Courtney.

MILA SABIROVA
(Nervous)
She... she looks just me. I see.

Mila hands the photo back to Jordan.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
So you're married?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shakes his head)
No. She... she passed away a little over two years ago before we really had a chance to even plan anything.

MILA SABIROVA
What happened to her?

Jordan's heart begins to race at the question.

JORDAN LAMBERT
She... she and our unborn baby were murdered. Her killer was never found.

Mila, seeing Jordan's pain, starts to feel a tear develop in her eye.

MILA SABIROVA
My god, that is awful. I'm so sorry.

Jordan wipes his eye, putting the photo away in his wallet.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Is that why you came to the club?

JORDAN LAMBERT
No. My friend, Brent, apparently saw you there and thought buying me a private dance with you would help me move on...

Mila's face reflects a number of conflicting responses to Jordan's story; concern, perhaps a little anger, confusion.

MILA SABIROVA
That's... not okay.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Yeah... believe me his judgement seems to be cloudy these days.

MILA SABIROVA
Is... is that why you wanted to ask me on a date? Because I look like her?

Jordan took a moment to think before answering.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I asked you out because the way you tried to help me that night spoke volumes about who you are...

I know from personal experience; when someone is able to see the struggle that easily especially when they stay around, they usually have a story of their own.

(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
And, if I may be completely honest, there is an elegance about you and the way you carry yourself that stood out and made me want to know more about you...

Mila smiles as she tries to hide tears in her eyes.

MILA SABIROVA
This, this is why I wanted to see you again.

JORDAN LAMBERT
What do you mean?

Mila starts to become more emotional, tears visible. Her emotions letting her natural accent to break through.

MILA SABIROVA
Jordan, even after you attacked those men, you treated me with kindness and respect.

Most men never saw me more than a piece of meat. I told you before, you didn't belong in that place.

You are different. A real man.

Jordan, notices Mila starting to become emotional, finds himself unable to resist getting out of his chair to kneel next to Mila to offer a warm embrace.

Mila touched and surprised by the gesture, wraps her arms around Jordan. The very moment seems to slow time, the room seemingly to become a bit brighter.

Jordan pulls away to look Mila deep in her eyes, a gaze that once shook him to his very core, now filled with a new love. Emotional walls are crumbling.

They are seeing each other, for who they are.

Jordan returns to his seat, a natural smile on his face. Mila wipes her face.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Jokes)
I'm sorry you saw me weak

JORDAN LAMBERT
You have nothing to apologize for, Mila.
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
If anything, you seem like a woman who had to be strong for too long.

MILA SABIROVA
(Interested)
You can see that?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I can see quite a bit. Just like how I know there's a stun gun in your purse.

Which, I don't blame you.

I figured between the kinds of men you normally handle, and maybe anxiety about me, something big happened to you.

I also noticed a hint of an accent in your voice that sneaks out from time to time. You're from Ukraine?

Mila is impressed by Jordan's observations. Her face drops slightly, hinting at her own inner turmoil and a story that she has a hard time-sharing with others.

MILA SABIROVA
(Nods)
I am. I came to the United States to stay with my mother and younger brother with the Russians invaded my country.

Jordan sits back in his chair in shock.

JORDAN LAMBERT
My god...

The tense moment is interrupted when the waitress comes by the table holding a tray with Mila and Jordan's order.

WAITRESS 2
(Cheerful)
Alright, two orders of Fideos del Amor for the budding couple! Careful these are hot.

The steam rises from the noodles as Jordan helps the waitress set the large bowls of pasta on the table.

WAITRESS 2 (CONT'D)
(Chuckles)
Thank you, sir. Would you two like anything else?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
I'm good for now. Mila?

Mila shakes her head, trying to hide her emotions with a polite smile for the waitress.

WAITRESS 2
(Smiles and Nods)
Alrighty! I'll leave you two be then!

The waitress leaves to tend to her other tables. Jordan and Mila both find a calming sensation overtake them as the smell fills their noses. They both try a bite, immediately finding joy in the taste.

JORDAN LAMBERT
This is amazing! I'm glad we picked this spot.

Mila, her mouth still full, nods in agreement

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Listen, Mila. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable.

If you don't want to talk about what happened with your family, I'll respect it.

Mila smiles gently.

MILA SABIROVA
It's okay. I trust you.

Mila wipes her face to get herself ready to tell the rest of her story.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Mother was already sick, so her finding work here has been hard on the family.

It felt like I was under the same fate, so I started to sell picture of myself online to try to help everyone get by.

(MORE)

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
I never have any money for myself. It just felt so disgraceful, and the things that men say to me are just evil.

Even when I got the job offer to dance at the club, it just feels wrong. But, it made the money so my family can have what they need.

Mila's carefully chosen English started to crack under the pressure, letting her native voice come through.

JORDAN LAMBERT
What keeps driving you to do it?

MILA SABIROVA
My father...
(Cries)
His last words to me were to be strong. But if he knew what I was doing, he would disown me!

Mila tries her hardest to hold back tears, to not want to break in the middle of the restaurant. Jordan places his hand on top of hers, just to get her attention.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Softly)
Mila, forgive me if I seem too direct, but I don't think your father would go that far...

MILA SABIROVA
He would!

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Stern)
Mila!

Jordan focuses deep into Mila's eyes to lock her attention on him.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
If I may be honest, if my daughter had gotten involved in that type of work...

I, personally, would be more worried about her safety.

But I would also be damn proud of her for willing to make that sacrifice to keep going.
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)

You're willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for people you love.

As long as that's the reason in your heart, your family should be proud of you.

Mila, touched by Jordan's words, takes a sip of her wine to help her calm down.

MILA SABIROVA
Thank you for the kind words. I do hope you are right.

And I'm sorry for being so weak, it just feels like I have no one to talk to about this.

Jordan, tears in his eyes, smiles.

JORDAN LAMBERT
You have me... for as long as you want me around.

Mila's smile seems to brighten the room as it grows.

MILA SABIROVA
I would like that.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE "AZÚCAR & FIRE LATIN FOOD RESTAURANT" - LATER

A couple hours later, Jordan and Mila are in the parking lot of the restaurant still lost in conversation. The two connect as if they'd know each other for most of their lives.

The sun is getting low. This prompts an idea in Jordan's mind.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Hey, I know it's getting late but... I'd really hate to end things now.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smirks)
What do you have in mind?

JORDAN LAMBERT
You willing to come with me to a secluded spot, watch the sunset?
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
It's been a while since I enjoyed being out with someone and I'd hate to end it now.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles and taps her purse)
I think that's romantic! But try anything and I'll use my taser!

Jordan holds his hands up in the air as they both laugh at the somewhat dark joke.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I got to admit, I admire you more and more.

Jordan leads the way to his truck and opens the door for Mila; closing it as she gets inside.

As Jordan walks around the back of his truck, he notices an unmarked police car sitting in the parking lot across from the restaurant.

Jordan gets into his truck, trying to not ruin the moment with Mila, and drives off. He makes an active effort to pass directly in front of the unmarked car to let the officer inside know he's been spotted.

INT. DETECTIVE JACKSON'S UNMARKED PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Inside, a police detective (DETECTIVE MARTIN JACKSON) watches Jordan's truck as he drives off. The officer's face is hidden in shadow, even as he pulls out a smartphone and dials Carlos Delgado.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlos Delgado is finally revealed. He finds himself inside a safe house with others messing around with drugs, video games, and guns.

The inner parts of the house are protected with makeshift metal doors, metal shutters, and security systems. He is revealed with a massive scar on his face, a defensive wound from someone he killed.

Carlos is zoning out, looking through Mila's seductive web page when his voyeurism is interrupted by Detective Martin Jackson's phone call.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Shouts)
Shut it, you stupid pricks!
(On the phone)
What?

MARTIN JACKSON
(On the phone)
He just left the restaurant with the girl. Looks like the date went well. Shall I follow?

Carlos grins practically ear to ear.

CARLOS DELGADO
No, enjoy your night. Thank you.

Carlos hangs up the phone, immediately breaking into a maniacal laughter. The others around him are immediately frightened for their lives.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(To Everyone)
Don't bother me for a while. I need to make some room.

Carlos walks towards a panel on a side wall. One of the goons happens to pass him. Carlos points towards him.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Shouts)
You, moron!
(Grins)
Get a barrel ready. I'm gonna play with my toys...

GOON 1
(Frightened)
Yes boss.

Carlos removes a panel from the wall, revealing a number pad. He enters a code, revealing a hidden torture chamber.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT TORTURE CHAMBER

Carlos walks down a flight of stairs, revealing a makeshift torture chamber with a large metallic table in the center. The table is covered in scratches from a saw and bloodstains.

Carlos walks pass the table, revealing an electric circular saw charging on a cabinet filled with garbage bags and butchers supplies.

Four women, all with passing resemblances to Mila and Courtney, are chained to the walls - each beaten, assaulted, and tortured to varying degrees.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Casually)
Evening ladies. Which one of you useless sluts am I going to take out tonight?

Carlos grins as he hears three of the women squeal in fear. He looks to the fourth who is too disassociated from life to register what is happening.

Carlos unchains her and carries her to the table. The other women scream in agony, knowing what is about to happen. The fourth woman doesn't respond, as if she was merely sleeping with her eyes open.

Carlos pushes her to the table, revealing leather straps to secure her arms and leg. As Carlos revs the circular saw, the other women continue to scream.

FOURTH WOMAN
(Silently)
Thank you

The camera transitions to the frightened women, still chained to the walls and screaming in agony as they watched Carlos dismember the fourth woman in front of them - no efforts on her part to fight or even scream.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The scene transitions to outside the hidden door leading to the torture chamber. The sound of the saw cutting into flesh barely penetrates the walls.

One of the goons playing the video game turns up the volume, further drowning out the noise - showing the ease of trafficking victims being forgotten by the outside world.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - SUNSET

Jordan and Mila arrive at the park, walking in full embrace to each other to a spot on the hill overlooking the river. Both are captivated by shimmer of the setting sun dance off the river.

MILA SABIROVA
(Captivated)
Jordan, this is beautiful. This reminds me of home...

Mila tears at the gesture. Jordan pulls her closer under his arm.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Does it?

Mila nods.

MILA SABIROVA
I used to go out to watch the sunset by the river, just to feel at peace when it seemed the world was too much.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN LAMBERT
That's why I come here. It feels like the closest way to just walk away for few minutes, let myself recharge when things get to be too much.

Mila wraps both her arms around Jordan, giving him a tight squeeze. Jordan gets a rather bold idea, wanting to find a way to preserve the moment.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Thinking)
Hey... can I ask you something?

MILA SABIROVA
(Curious)
Of course, what is it?

Jordan looks her deep in the eye, a nervous smile sprouting on his face.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'd hate to let such a beautiful moment fade. How about a picture, of us?

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
Only if you send it to me once its taken.

Jordan smiles, helping position himself and Mila so the shimmering waters and setting sun were directly behind him. He pulls out his phone, opens the camera, and takes the photo as Mila rests her head on his shoulder.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
How does it look?

Jordan opens the photo and shows her.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Tearful Smile)
Perfect.

Jordan quickly forwards the picture to Mila as they find a spot to sit and admire the sunset. Mila takes every moment to get herself as close to Jordan as possible as they rest underneath a tree.

MILA SABIROVA
(Lovingly)
Thank you, Jordan, for tonight.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN LAMBERT
It feels like I should be thanking you, truthfully.

MILA SABIROVA
(Deep in thought)
You truly are a good man. I want to be there for you, as you were for me, even though we still don't really know each other well.

Jordan takes his hand and brushes Mila's cheek.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Just... don't hurt me like other men have.

Mila leans into Jordan's touch, letting her become the most vulnerable she likely has been in a long time. Part of Jordan feels that she may be getting caught up in the moment.

But the sense of her maybe needing a genuine connection to help her through what is to come feeds into Jordan's protective side. He feels compelled to be there, for her.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
We have a long road ahead of us as this journey is only beginning.
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
There may be times we are tested.

I cannot deny your beauty, it's something that outshines the myths of love goddesses.

But having gotten to know you better, I can say you're stronger than you realized.

Even if I were to somehow hurt you, I'd spend a long time making things right.

You deserve the best, and I'd be a moron to not give every effort to be my best for you...

Mila, touched by Jordan's testimony, leaps into him for a long, passionate kiss. Jordan was initially caught off guard, but unable to find reason to push away he lets himself give in.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - NIGHT

Hours later, Mila is practically laying in Jordan's lap with Jordan keeping his arms around her. A loving silence surrounds them accompanied by the sounds of crickets in the distance.

Mila looks up towards Jordan as he kisses her lovingly on the forehead. Both knowing the night is young, but the date would have to come to an end soon, but not wanting it to.

The silence is interrupted by Jordan's phone ringing. He adjusts his weight to help him dig it out from his pocket.

MILA SABIROVA
Who's caling you?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Confused)
My mother...

Mila sits up and looks at Jordan.

MILA SABIROVA
Are you going to answer?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I probably should. Something doesn't feel right...

Jordan answers the phone. Sheryl starts talking to him on the other end but is barely heard by Mila or the audience.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(On the phone)
Hello?
...
Is she okay?
...
Where is she now?
...
Alright, I'll be there as soon as I can.

Jordan hangs up the phone and takes a deep, worried, breath to process the news he just heard.

MILA SABIROVA
(Worried)
What is wrong?

JORDAN LAMBERT
My sister, she was hit in a drive-by shooting...

Mila's eyes widen.

MILA SABIROVA
My god, Jordan, is she okay?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
She wasn't hurt, it was just her car that got hit.

Apparently she was out on a date with another boyfriend of hers when it happened.

Mila hugs Jordan tight.

MILA SABIROVA
You should go be with your family, make sure everyone is okay.

JORDAN LAMBERT
But, Mila...

Jordan was hesitant, not wanting to end the date, but Mila stopped his objections with a kiss.

MILA SABIROVA
Go, it's okay. Family is important. Just, give me a call later to tell me know how everyone is, okay?

Mila's gentle smile was one Jordan found himself having a hard time putting up walls against. He knew she was right.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Can I at least offer you a ride home? Just so I know you're okay.

Mila hugs him tight and starts to stand up.

MILA SABIROVA
I would like that.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MILA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Jordan's truck practically screeches to a halt outside Mila's apartment building. Mila, knowing the urgency of the situation, hurries out of the vehicle and walks towards the door.

Jordan is visibly on edge, tapping his thumbs against the steering wheel before putting his truck into park and getting out.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shouts)
Mila! Wait!

Mila turns to see Jordan rushing towards her, finding herself worried when he hugs her one more time.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Are you going to be okay, with your work?

MILA SABIROVA
I'll be okay, Jordan. I have to do what I have to, for my family.

Jordan sighs, Mila catching on to the panic in his eyes.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Worried)
I know you do, and it's not my place to deter you. Just... just be careful, okay?

Mila puts a hand to Jordan's cheek.

MILA SABIROVA
Do you want to see me again, Jordan?

Jordan is confused by her question.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Of course I do.

MILA SABIROVA
Then whatever happens, we will be strong together.

Mila kisses Jordan, helping him calm down but not erasing the source of his worries.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Mila... I wish it was something small that was bothering me.

Mila tilts her head.

MILA SABIROVA
What is it? You can tell me.

Jordan takes Mila's hand and sighs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
The owner of Forgotten Desires, he was murdered.

Mila's eyes widen.

MILA SABIROVA
(Shocked)
What? How do you know?

JORDAN LAMBERT
One of my informants from when I was a bounty hunter was my mother. She worked as a police dispatcher for many years.

She would often give me information on whatever was happening in the area if she thought it could be connected to a case I was working.

Even though I left that life, she still feeds me information. That's how I know.

(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
He was dumped in a construction zone, someone tried to leave his body in wet cement.

Mila finds herself unable to think of what to say.

MILA SABIROVA
(Stutters her words)
Jordan, I...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Just, please watch out for yourself, okay? I am truly sorry to tell you this, and that our date was cut off.

But the timing of when we met, and everything else, I can't ignore the feeling that something may happen.

And... I really don't want to lose you so soon after just getting to really know you.

Mila can see Jordan eye water. She knew he was scared, a feeling she knew all too well.

MILA SABIROVA
I will, Jordan. As long as you do the same! Now go check on your family, and call me later to tell me how everyone is.

Mila reaches up and kisses Jordan's cheek. Jordan kisses her forehead in return.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Hopeful)
Thank you again. This is the best night I've had in a long time...

Jordan rushes back to his truck and drives off. Mila wipes her face as she heads inside her apartment building - unaware she is being watched from across the street.

Chris Mule and Tyler Laverty are sitting in black muscle car, watching Mila as she goes into the building.

CHRIS MULE
I better tell boss that he just left...

Chris pulls out his phone and starts to text Carlos Delgado.

CHRIS MULE (CONT'D)
(Text)
He just left her apartment. She should be alone. What do we do?

As Chris sends the text off, Tyler taps him on the arm.

TYLER LAVERTY
Chris, dude, any idea what Carlos wants this girl for? And why is he so worked up about some Goat Man?

Chris is stunned by Tyler's questions.

CHRIS MULE
The fuck did you say?

TYLER LAVERTY
I was trying to learn Spanish and it said that Cabron means Goat?

And if the goat is Jordan, and he's so bad, won't he attack us like he did those bikers at the club because of what we did?

Chris, too shocked to answer, shakes his head to ignore Tyler. A reply from Carlos Delgado comes back through text.

CHRIS MULE
Not if we don't fuck around, you moron! Now get ready, boss said he needs us to go back and tie up a loose end.

TYLER LAVERTY
I thought we already drugged him!

CHRIS MULE
Just shut up!

Chris starts the car and drives off.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILLER/LAMBERT HOME - LATER

Jordan parks his truck outside a suburban home - his mother's harm. He immediately looks at a dark beige car riddled with bullet holes. As he gets out, he approaches the car to examine the damage.

As he kneels down to looks closer at the bullet holes, Sheryl charges outside in a fury.

SHERYL MILLER
(Screams)
You selfish son of bitch, you're fucking hunting again, aren't you?!

JORDAN LAMBERT
What the hell you're talking about?! Where's Paisley?

Sheryl grits her teeth and clenches her fists.

SHERYL MILLER
Are you fucking hunting again?!

JORDAN LAMBERT
No, I'm fucking not!

Sheryl starts forcing her fingers into Jordan's face.

SHERYL MILLER
(Growling)
Ever since you met that slut, that. Little. Bitch. Mila. You have been out of control!

I'm taking Paisley out of town before you get us killed just like you did Courtney!

With each prod of Sheryl's finger, Jordan only gets angrier. The accusation of Mila somehow being involved, sends him over the edge.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Roars)
Get your fucking finger out of my face before I break it! Don't you fucking dare bring her name into this!

Jordan's inner monster crawls to the surface. Sheryl sees this, trying to stand up to Jordan but knowing what she's unleashing.

SHERYL MILLER
(Provoking)
Fucking do it. I'll drown you, you fucking pig. I'll have cops here to put you down.

Jordan's gaze becomes colder. The monster is out.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Do it.

Just fucking get it over with and do it.

You've always treated me like shit because I'm a man, now here's your chance to make me the fucking monster you made me out to be.

Sheryl starts to back up, the intensity of Jordan's rage leaving her and the audience in a tense fear. Will Jordan cross a very dark line and harm his own mother?

Before the answer has a chance to be revealed, a police cruiser speeding up to the house with sirens blaring catches their attention.

The cruiser stops in front of the house, with Officer Caleb Winston stepping out.

CALEB WINSTON
(Shouting)
Jordan! Come with me! Brent Harmon was killed.

Jordan's eyes widen. He starts to walk toward Caleb's cruiser, but turns back to Sheryl.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Stern and Cold)
Go now. Take your fucking little princess and go. Don't tell me where you're going, don't post it online, just go!

The chance to escape from Jordan's wrath and the realization the situation is much worse than anyone anticipated; Sheryl rushes inside as Jordan leaves with Caleb.

INT. BRENT HARMON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Caleb guides Jordan through a maze of police tape, officers, and forensics crews documenting a violent scene.

Brent's apartment, already a mess from a trouble mind, now completely tarnished as an obvious struggle destroyed what little order remained.

The sight of Jordan's presence instilled a wave of silent emotions among the eyes that knew of his reputation.

Some seemed awestruck, some eyes were filled with fear, but a silent few were filled with a coldness.

CALEB WINSTON
(Whispering to Jordan)
Mind yourself. If you think you spot something, feel free to speak up, but there's still people here afraid of you getting back into action.

Jordan nods as he and Caleb move to a living area, where Brent's corpse is laying back on his couch - a needle sticking out of his arm.

A forensic technician offers Jordan and Caleb nitrile gloves they both put on.

Jordan, wanting to keep calloused to the scene, finds himself tearing up at the sight of his best friend laying dead exactly how he feared Brent would be found.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Jordan...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Stoic)
It was only a matter of time.

Detective Martin Jackson approaches him from behind.

MARTIN JACKSON
I don't know why you brand this bastard, it's clear this was just an ADJ...

CALEB WINSTON
Seriously, Jackson? Have some class man.

Jordan looks closer at Brent's body, taking notice of details that didn't align with Jackson's theory. Jackson's very presence seems to set off Jordan's internal alarms.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Tilting his head)
I know time on the job probably has made you callous, but for this to be another dead junkie...

It would make more sense if the needle was actually in the vein.

MARTIN JACKSON
And who are you?

JORDAN LAMBERT
Someone who makes donut hogs like you look bad...
(To Caleb)
Can I borrow your body cam for just a minute?

Caleb smirks towards Jackson, unclipping his body cam and handing it to Jordan. Jordan clicks a button on the side of the camera to turn on the night vision.

CALEB WINSTON
What are you doing, J?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm not going to deny Brent had issues with drugs. But the placement of the needle doesn't look right...

I figured others in the room might need crayons to understand; but we'll settle for infrared piercing through the top layers of skin.

Jordan grabs Brent's arm, rolling it to show the veins more directly to the camera. Almost immediately, Jordan reveals a significant gap between the needle puncture and the vein.

MARTIN JACKSON
Lucky guess.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Did you even see the bruising on his neck? Signs of burst blood vessels in the eyes?

Jordan reveals the signs to Caleb and Detective Jackson on Brent's body. As Jordan looks around the room, he makes a note of Brent's trashed gaming setup.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Also, Brent was a compulsive gamer; literally ruined an engagement to a woman way out of his league because he couldn't put the controller down.

It is highly unlikely he'd let his electronic get smashed around like that.

Jordan observes his surroundings, trying to mentally recreate the scene in the moments leading up to Brent's death.

MARTIN JACKSON
Alright, wise guy, if you think this tweaker was killed... who did it?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Getting Annoyed)
I know it's a stereotype, but constantly donut-fondling is bad for your eyesight.

Jordan stands, looking Detective Martin Jackson in the eye. His gaze was evident enough for Caleb to know Jordan was once again on the verge of losing control.

MARTIN JACKSON
(Pissed)
Listen here freak show...

Caleb puts his hand out to stop Detective Jackson from further provoking the situation

CALEB WINSTON
(Calm)
Any idea who we should be on the lookout for?

Jordan locks his gaze on Detective Jackson, as if reading his mind.

JORDAN LAMBERT
The other night at the strip club, the guys Brent showed up with... Chris and...
(Snapping fingers to think)
Tyler. I don't know last names. I'd start there.

Jordan starts to rush out of the scene. Caleb follows suit.

CALEB WINSTON
Jordan, wait!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jordan turns, realizing that in the confusion he was still holding Caleb's body cam - handing it over as Caleb comes within arm's reach.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shaken)
Sorry... got caught up in the moment.

CALEB WINSTON
Jordan, you lost a friend tonight. Don't be so hard on yourself.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Checking his phone)
Listen, I need to hurry...

CALEB WINSTON
What's the rush?

Jordan tries to take off but is stopped by Caleb grabbing his arm.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Quietly)
Look, if I'm right, Mila's in danger...

CALEB WINSTON
(Confused)
The dancer? What does she have to do with this?

Jordan grits his teeth but tries to steady himself - mentally reminding himself Caleb was not the enemy in this.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Heart racing)
It all goes back to her... and... I can't fail her or Courtney again...

Jordan starts to rush out again, once again stopped by Caleb.

CALEB WINSTON
Jordan! Talk to me!

Jordan attempts to bolt again, but Caleb stops him.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
(Forceful)
Jordan, either talk to me or I'm cuffing you...

Jordan's alter ego starts to leak through. Police in the background, knowing of Jordan's history, reach for their weapons in response.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Cold)
You know damn well that won't be enough to stop me...

Caleb tries to calm himself.

CALEB WINSTON
Then talk before this gets worse for everyone.

Jordan swipes Caleb's arm away while taking a deep breath.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Quiet)
The night Courtney died... I was supposed to be there...

EXT. DARK WOODED AREA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The scene transitions to an ethereal flashback.

A thin man is running through the woods, constantly overlooking his shoulder as he is being pursued by Jordan in his full bounty hunter outfit.

Jordan's focus is dead set on his mark, letting nothing deter him. His focus is almost supernatural. His phone can be heard faintly ringing, but he can't lose his target.

The thin man manages to lose Jordan, leaving him in a frustrated rage. He takes a moment to breathe then checks his phone, realizing his missed a call from Courtney.

Jordan dials his voicemail and plays the message.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Horrified)
Jordan! Jordan! Someone's in the house! Please get here!

The flashback fades as Jordan runs off.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRENT'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Caleb stares at Jordan, seeing the broken man who lost everything years earlier stand before him getting ready for another fight.

CALEB WINSTON
(Stutters)
Jordan... I... I didn't know that.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sighs)
I haven't even told Angela. But I hope this revelation makes it clearer why I need you to let me back in...

CALEB WINSTON
(Shocked)
Jordan... you've come so far...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Interrupts)
I know, but right now, some asshole isn't giving me much choice.

Caleb turns away to look at the crime scene before looking back at Jordan. He pinches the top of his nose, knowing that he may regret what he's about to say.

CALEB WINSTON
(Sighs)
Alright, just please do me a favor before you do anything drastic.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Name it...

CALEB WINSTON
Take a walk, call Angela, before you do anything. Come at this with a clear head.

And, if at the slightest hint you think there's going to be trouble, call before you lose yourself...

Jordan takes a moment and nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Only if you return the favor...

CALEB WINSTON
You know I'm here for you brother...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Quiet)
After seeing Mila...

Jordan's words start to catch in his throat.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
I'm trying my best to separate her from Courtney, but after seeing myself that night... I can't risk Mila seeing that again.

CALEB WINSTON
(Worried)
J... what are you saying?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm saying, that if it looks like I might cross that line, I may need you to kill me...

CALEB WINSTON
(Dumbfounded)
Jordan... you can't ask me to...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Interrupts)
I know... but... just in case.

CALEB WINSTON
You're a good dude, Jordan, you always have been. I'll do what I can to stop you if it comes to it...

Jordan nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Thank you...

Jordan starts to walk away from Caleb, a limp in his stride slowing his progress.

CALEB WINSTON
(Cautious)
That leg still bothering you after the crash?

Jordan nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Stress seems to bring it back. It's safe to say I got too close to finding out what happened.

If I'm right about what's going on, be careful, someone here can't be trusted.

Jordan pulls up his left pant leg, revealing the scar from the one attempt on his life that left a mark.

The impact of the crash bent part of his old car's frame into the front of his ankle, cutting deep into the skin.

Caleb watches as his friend subtly stretches the muscles in his left to alleviate the pain, a pit in his stomach manifesting as he knows Jordan may end up going to war.

INT. DR MARTIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Martin sits at her desk, working a late night to help catch up on client paperwork as she hears her phone ring. She answers, surprised to realize its Jordan, and is initially cheerful having only known about the date with Mila.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Professional)
This is Dr Angela Martin, speaking...

Jordan's voice is barely audible.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Over the phone)
Hey, Angela. It's Jordan Lambert.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Cheerful)
Oh Jordan! Hi! How was the date?

A moment of silence passes, Jordan's voice continues to barely be audible to the audience.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Quiet and Emotional)
It... it was amazing. But something happened...

ANGELA MARTIN
(Worried)
Jordan, please don't tell me you lost control again.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Angela, we had to cut things short because Paisley was in a drive-by shooting...

ANGELA MARTIN
(Shocked)
Oh my god, is she okay?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Stoic)
She is. Her car was hit but it was mostly cosmetic damage.

Angela can visibly tell there was something else bothering Jordan

ANGELA MARTIN
Jordan, what have you gotten yourself into?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm still trying to figure that out, but, it may require me to fully lose control...

ANGELA MARTIN
(Stern)
Jordan... no...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Angela, Brent's been murdered and someone staged the scene. I think the other two he came with to the club.

When I went to check on Paisley, Mom just started coming at me...

She said she was leaving town to avoid me getting her or Paisley killed... she claimed I got Courtney killed.

I came close to killing her if Caleb hadn't caught me in time. But it's not just that.

The owner of the nightclub was also killed, found in a construction site.

Someone was stalking Mila and I when we went out to dinner. Possibly longer.

ANGELA MARTIN
(On Edge)
Jordan, you swore off this life. If you get involved, especially with all the work you have done and how far you've come…

(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
How do you know jumping into the fire like this won’t erase everything you’ve accomplished?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I don't know. I was just at a crime scene with Caleb, and I'm going to tell you what I told him.

I don't know if I can fully be who I was but I might have no choice.

Angela's heart sinks, unable to really say much. Jordan's voice starts to become more audible.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Stillness in his voice)
Dr. Martin, I just want to say that I appreciated your time. Especially recently, I wouldn’t have been able to get this far.

It’s just unfortunate that it had to come apart like this. So for what it's worth… thank you.

I’d stay on longer but… it’s getting late and tonight might not see the light.

Angela starts to cry, her professional background knowing the truth depth of Jordan's message. This was a goodbye.

ANGELA MARTIN
I understand, Jordan. It’s been my pleasure. Just, please, keep fighting.

If anyone can pull through this, it’s you.

Jordan hangs up the phone. The sound of the call ending giving Angela permission to let her professional mask fall as she collapses in her chair.

Tears in her eyes, it's obvious she had developed a natural care and concern for Jordan's well-being.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
(Overwhelmed)
He's not gonna make it...

EXT. OUTSIDE DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Two goons can be seen loading large blue barrels into the back of a van. The sides of the barrels are seeping blood, as they are the remains of the chained women from Carlos' torture chamber.

GOON 2
God this shit stinks

GOON 3
Well hurry up! You want him to chop us up next?

Carlos Delgado forces open the front door of the safe house.

CARLOS DELGADO
Hurry up and get that shit delivered to the buyer! We're gonna need that van later!

The two goons are visibly disturbed by Carlos' orders as they shut the van, hurry inside, and drive off. Screech of the tires transition to the next scene.

INT. MILA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Mila, dressed in white satin pajamas, is attempting to read through a book while lying in bed. What would be a normal nightly routine is interrupted by her worries about Jordan.

She can be seen constantly glancing towards her phone, practically praying for it to go off. Her wishes are answered at the screen lights up, revealing the picture of her and Jordan at the park already saved as her background, as the device vibrates showing Jordan's name.

Mila practically lunges towards her phone, tapping the screen to answer right away.

MILA SABIROVA
(Anxious)
Jordan?

Jordan's voice can be heard more directly to the audience.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Over the phone)
Hey, how are you holding up?

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
I'm okay. I just... was really worried about you.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I appreciate it, truly.

Jordan falls silent on the phone, silent cries can be heard, visibly bothering Mila.

MILA SABIROVA
What is wrong, Jordan?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sighs)
Brent's dead

Mila's eyes widen

MILA SABIROVA
(Shocked)
Your friend? What happened to him?

JORDAN LAMBERT
He was murdered. Someone tried to make it look like a drug overdose...

MILA SABIROVA
(Stunned)
Jordan, I don't know what to say. How is your sister?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sighs)
She's okay, her car took most of the damage. Our mother is taking her out of town for a few days.

Mila takes a sigh of relief but can still sense something is deeply wrong.

MILA SABIROVA
Is something going to happen?

JORDAN LAMBERT
I’m not sure, and I don’t want you to be afraid. But, it’s not looking good. Please be careful, okay?

Mila looks towards her stun gun charging on a table in the corner of her room.

MILA SABIROVA
I will. As long as you do the same.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I want to apologize again for all of this. I really wish we could've just stayed by the river, let ourselves get lost in the stars.

MILA SABIROVA
It's okay Jordan. As long as we come together, my Sunshine, we will have those precious nights until the last stars fade for a new day.

Jordan's voice suddenly goes quiet over the phone, only audible to Mila.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Loving)
And with every new day, I hope to see you in the night, my sweetest Moonlight.

MILA SABIROVA
(Quietly)
Be safe.

Mila hangs up the phone, visibly crying for Jordan. She takes a moment to compose herself, surveying the room to plan for a potential attack.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - JORDAN'S BEDROOM/OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan is seen at home, digging frantically through his closet. He finds an old safe, pulling it out and brings it into the kitchen.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Taking a moment to memorize the code, and Jordan enters it. His cat, concerned about his activity, jumps on the counter to get his attention.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Sighs)
Hey girl...

Jordan picks up the cat, holding it close for a moment while scratching under its chin.

He looks towards the cat's food and water bowls, plentiful to help the cat survive a couple of weeks at most before needing refilled.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(To the cat)
Looks like you'll be okay for a bit.

Jordan sets the cat down and walks towards the living room.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan finds the television remote, turning the TV on and setting it to a music channel for background noise. The cat rubs itself against Jordan's legs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(To the cat)
Someone will come for you if I can't...

Jordan kneels down, petting the cat some more.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Please be good. I love you...

Jordan walks back to the kitchen.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jordan steps in front of the safe, pulling open the door to reveal an unloaded, holstered, pistol sitting on top of some documents. He pulls the gun out, removing it from the holster and briefly inspects it.

Jordan then reaches inside the safe, finding a loaded magazine, and checks the number of bullets loaded.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(To Himself)
15. Better make them count...

Jordan shoves the magazine into the gun then sets it aside before pulling out a stack of papers - evidence and investigation journals from hunting Courtney's killer.

Jordan sorts through the documents, eventually finding a list of suspects he had sorted out through his investigation tagged with notes pertaining to their connections.

Among the list shows:

Hector Delgado - strip club owner, ARMANDO DELGADO (Hector's Brother) - imprisoned, Bailey Eastman - Potential Dirty Cop, "Flaya" - punk ass, Daren Saint - alcoholic moron, Tyler Laverty - dealer, Chris Mule - perverted stalker, Martin Jackson - dirty cop? ....

The final name on the list, only accompanied by a large question mark, was Carlos Delgado.

Jordan sets the documents down, trying to process everything. He slams his hands onto the counter, grabbing his pistol and holster before returning to his bedroom.

INT. LAMBERT/MILLER HOME - JORDAN'S BEDROOM/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jordan rips open his closet, digging through his clothes, finding his old Kevlar vest. He sets it aside, digging further to find stab resistant Kevlar sleeves, and a black beanie.

The costume of El Grande Cabron is one again on Jordan. But the worried look on his face broadcasts the one thought on his mind without even saying a word.

Can he truly let himself be that man again? He ponders this question as the worry is etched across his face. He digs further into the closet, searching for anything else to help his hunt.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE BRENT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONCURRENT

Detective Jackson and Caleb are outside, examining acceleration marks found on the ground, potentially linked to Brent's murder.

MARTIN JACKSON
(Passive)
So, Winston, while the lab rats take their time getting here, I wanna ask you?

What's your relationship with that Lambert guy? You two seem like you've known each other a long time.

Caleb glances toward Jackson, confused, but brushes it off.

CALEB WINSTON
We have. We met in school when we were like 12, 13 maybe?

MARTIN JACKSON
Oh so, you two are best school buddies, then?

CALEB WINSTON
Not exactly. We kinda drifted back and forth over the years. Not because anything happened, just life.

MARTIN JACKSON
You two seem to trust each other pretty heavy...

CALEB WINSTON
(Confused)
Yeah, when we were kids, Jordan was the main one to check in with me after cancer took my grandmother.

Apparently our teacher told everyone to kinda back off of me, but he didn't listen.

I didn't know until a couple years later that he also had a grandparent with the same kind of cancer.

Guess he saw in me the heartache that was waiting for him...

Detective Jackson nods his head, glancing towards his watch.

CALEB WINSTON (CONT'D)
Why do you ask?

MARTIN JACKSON
(Nonchalant)
Just curious. The way you two were talking earlier made it look like he was the best man at your wedding.

Caleb stands up straight, looking towards Detective Martin with further confusion.

CALEB WINSTON
Well, he also saved my wife before we got married, after a suicide attempt. He even gave her blood.

Detective Jackson stands firm, his hand practically hovering over his pistol.

MARTIN JACKSON
Too bad he's not here to save you.

Caleb finally understands what's going on, remembering Jordan's warning and hostility towards Jackson. He knew Jackson was a dirty cop.

From behind Caleb, two figures block the entrance to the alleyway. Officer Bailey Eastman and her brother Flaya, both with guns in hand.

CALEB WINSTON
(Raised voice)
What the hell is going on?

BAILEY EASTMAN
(Remorseful)
I'm sorry about this Caleb, it wasn't supposed to go like this...

CALEB WINSTON
(Confused)
Like what?

BAILEY EASTMAN
(Sighs)
We needed you to keep Jordan away, but you couldn't.

FLAYA EASTMAN
(Shouts)
Yo! Let's kill these fools already!

It's a setup. Caleb draws his firearm, quickly killing Flaya and gravely injuring Officer Eastman. As Caleb ducks for cover, Detective Jackson opens fire, shooting Caleb in the head.

Caleb's body cam, not fully locked into its mount on his uniform, breaks free and slides under a nearby dumpster. |

Detective Jackson walks over to Caleb, about to finish him off, until Officer Eastman opens fire - killing Jackson. Officer Eastman collapses, succumbing to her injuries.

INT. MILA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mila lies in her bed, attempting to get some sleep. Already on alert from Jordan's phone call, her body is jolted with energy at the sound of someone trying to break-in through her front door.

She grabs her charged stun gun, quickly and quietly leaving the bedroom in near total darkness. She wasn't going to let herself be some damsel-in-distress.

Mila was going to show exactly how she was a survivor.

INT. MILA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mila crouches behind a kitchen cabinet, positioned near knives and pans. She watches from the corner as three men barge in, tripping in the darkness looking for her.

The first man she sees, DAREN SAINT, steps into her line of sight. The other two men are Chris Mule and Tyler Laverty

DAREN SAINT
(Whispers Loudly)
Where is this cunt?

Mila fires her stun gun, probes lodging right into Daren's crotch as the electricity fires at full power. Daren screams as he collapses.

Mila drops the firing stun gun as she grabs the nearest knife and charges towards him - making her way to the entrance to her bathroom. As she moves, she stabs Daren in the side.

Chris and Tyler try to find her, following Daren's screams. Mila, positioned at the doorway to her bedroom holds up a candle lighter and hairspray.

She clicks the trigger on the lighter, igniting the hairspray, setting Daren and the clothes of Chris and Tyler on fire.

Chris, quickly removing the flaming clothes, manages to tackle Mila and pins her to the floor. Tyler grabs a pan from the kitchen and smacks Mila in the face - knocking her unconscious.

A touch activated lamp comes on from one of the men bumping into it - revealing Mila's assailants to the audience as Chris Mule, Tyler Laverty, and the fatally unconscious Daren Saint.

CHRIS MULE
(Exhausted)
Moron! Carlos will rip our balls off if she's hurt!

TYLER LAVERTY
Fuck you, she was killing us! Fucking Daren smells like bacon in a hair salon!

CHRIS MULE
Whatever, help me carry her out of the fire escape...

Alarms in the building start sounding off.

TYLER LAVERTY
We're gonna get spotted...

CHRIS MULE
(Frustrated)
You ever pay attention to your neighbors?

Chris and Tyler make their way outside, Calos' van parked right outside to move Mila out quickly.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE RUN DOWN OFFICE BUILDING - CONCURRENT

Jordan can be seen getting out of his truck, fully armored up, badge around his neck. He is just outside the office building Hector Delgado operated out of.

Sounds of road construction nearby fill the air as he approaches the building. Jordan draws his pistol when he sees a door unlocked and opened slightly. He moves in.

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jordan finds the place almost disturbingly empty as he finds Hector's office in the building. He looks around, noting signs of an obvious and lazy clean-up attempt.

He spots spent bullet cases, chips in the wall from the gunshots, traces of poorly cleaned blood spatter from Hector's death.

Jordan starts going through the various documents on Hector's desk, searching through drawers, looking through anything he can find to reveal Carlos' whereabouts.

The tablet Flaya gave Hector still sits on his desk. Jordan walks over, picks it up, and manages to unlock it. As he does, a photo message comes through.

Jordan immediately opens it to reveal a photo of Mila, chained and gagged. A message is attached to the photo from Carlos Delgado.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Text)
Come get your girl Cabrón. She's got quite the fight in her, she’s gonna be fun to play with…

Jordan's rage causes him to snap the tablet in his hands, chucking the pieces aside before flipping Hector's desk across the room.

The sounds of passing police sirens and road equipment catch his attention. Silently, he forces himself to calm down and starts to mentally sift through everything he could mentally retain to find more information on Carlos' location.

If he lost control now, he would be too unfocused to be effective. Mila was in danger, moments counting by. In desperation to air his thoughts, Jordan rambles to himself.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Frustrated)
Think, Jordan, think. What the hell does Carlos want? Why go through all this?

It's gotta be a power play... show how easy it would be for him to tear everything apart.

Jordan glances out the window, getting lost in the construction noise.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(To himself)
This has got to be a power play. He'd want to take me on himself.

Lil fucker watched too many gangster movies to actually know anything about real fighting.

But where's the fight? Where is Mila?

Further construction noise outside and the screech of worn car brakes trigger a realization in the form of a flashback.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Realization)
Son of a bitch...

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

These flashback scene retains ethereal look to distinguish it from current events, but the image is clear.

Jordan is sitting at a table, cleaning his pistol as Courtney comes through the front door in workout clothes.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Focused on his gun)
Hey hun, how was class? Whoop anyone's ass today?

Courtney walks over to Jordan, places her hand on his shoulder and kisses him before walking towards a refrigerator in the kitchen area.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Exhausted)
Not unless you count the mannequins as people.

Courtney grabs a bottled water from the fridge, pressing it to her skin before she takes a sip.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Jokingly)
Oh, I'm sure you'll get to knock somebody out one of these days.

Courtney giggles and rolls her eyes, pulling a chair out next to Jordan.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Jokes Back)
I'd love to give those idiots working the roads a beating...

JORDAN LAMBERT
They're still working on it?

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Nods)
Oh yeah!

I had to go through this one neighborhood and, baby, there was this house that just didn't feel right.

Jordan stops cleaning his gun, setting the weapon on the brush on the table, giving Courtney his full attention.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Curious)
What do you mean?

COURTNEY FREEMAN
There was this house I passed and it just felt evil. These guys were outside, cleaning this red goo from a van.

It honestly looked barricaded like a drug den, but with some high-end security.

Then this other, really skinny guy came out and saw me pass by. He watched me, with this grin that just didn't look human!

Jordan's eyes widen.

COURTNEY FREEMAN (CONT'D)
(Sighs)
Jordan, I know with the baby on the way I've been saying that maybe we should figure out something safer and more secure...

But, honey, you need to watch out for that house. Something evil is there.

INT. RUN DOWN OFFICE BUILDING - PRESENT

Jordan's hands are behind his head, overwhelmed by the realization. Courtney was led directly to her killer! He kneels down to catch his breath as his head is spinning.

Jordan pulls out his phone, opening the therapy app to send off one final journal entry to Dr Martin.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Journaling)
Mila’s in danger. The same bastard who killed Courtney has her; and I have no choice but to go…

But I don’t know if I can fully be the man I was. I do have a plan.

It’s going to be noisy, messy, chaotic. Right now I don’t see much other option.
(MORE)

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)

My suspicions about this whole ordeal may prove no other choice but to cross the one line I always avoided.

Jordan sends of the journal, and runs out of the office. The door slamming behind him transitions to the next scene.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT TORTURE CHAMBER - LATER

Mila is seen barely gaining consciousness as she finds Carlos Delgado kneels above her, watching her as if she was a prized possession.

Her fists clenched. She isn't afraid, she is filled with rage. This energy, the excitement in Mila's anger filling Carlos with a childlike glee.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Excited)
Oh, you're awake! This makes me so happy!

Carlos pulls out his phone, opening something up.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Giddy)
Oh, don't worry baby! I want to save our fun for your new man. Besides I'm... I'm actually a big fan.

Carlos turns his phone towards Mila, revealing her seductive web page. Mila's eyes widen as she continues to trying breaking through her chains.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
Oh Cabron... you sure of fine tastes...

Carlos' intimidation is interrupted by one of the goons pounding on the secret door leading into the basement. Carlos gets up, hurrying up the stairs, and forcing open the door.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carlos hears the faint noise of heavy rock music outside the safe house.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Shouts)
Yo, what the fuck is going on?!

GOON 3
Boss, Cabron's truck is outside playing the music but there is no sign of him!

Carlos grabs the goon by the shirt.

CARLOS DELGADO
Then get fucking ready! He's here!

The goons scramble to grab guns and knives to ready themselves for the attack. Two goons go outside to investigate the truck.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The two goons approach Jordan's truck, the entire body vibrating to the rhythm of hard rock music.

GOON 1
The fuck is this? The truck's not even on!

Earlier, Jordan tucked two small bone conduction speakers into the metal frame of his truck. Connected to an old mp3 player, the bone conduction allowed for the entire vehicle to be used as a massive speaker.

Little did the goons know, Jordan was lying in the bed of the truck - waiting to strike.

GOON 2
Where the fuck is the noise coming from?

Goon 1 steps up to the truck, forcing open the door, confused to see no one inside. Jordan, carefully propping his pistol on the frame of the truck, shoots Goon 1 in the face - killing him instantly.

Goon 2 opens fire, bullets bouncing off the metal frame of the truck. Jordan hears the gun misfire, taking the moment to stand tall in the truck bed and shoots Goon 2 between the eyes.

Both men dead, Jordan jumps from the back of his truck and aims towards the moving shadows in the window - firing five bullets at one of the men inside and killing him instantly.

Jordan quickly moves in the confusion, taking cover at behind a neighboring fence - triggering a motion light from the neighbor's house.

Chris and Tyler step outside, armed with pistols, and run towards the sudden light.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispering to Self)
Too stupid to waste bullets on...

Jordan holsters his pistol and pulls out a six-inch hunting knife from a holster around his ankle - crouching down to be ready to pounce.

Tyler, the first to step in his line of sight, instantly dies as Jordan stabs him straight through the heart and twists the blade.

CHRIS MULE
(Screaming)
Tyler!!!!

Chris starts shooting at Jordan, striking Tyler's limp body as it his being used by Jordan as a shield to ram into Chris. Jordan throws Tyler's limp body onto Chris, knocking him to the ground.

As Jordan walks towards Chris, he starts to open his mouth as if to threaten Jordan - but any words quickly morph into screams as Jordan fires a shot into both his legs.

CHRIS MULE (CONT'D)
(Pleading)
You stupid fucker! Please! Don't!

Jordan gets annoyed at Chris' pleas, walking over to him and stomps both feet into the fresh gunshot wounds on his legs.

CHRIS MULE (CONT'D)
(Cries)
Motherfucker!

Jordan's gaze grows cold.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Voice Deep with Rage)
Did you kill Brent?

Chris shakes his head to deny the question.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Growing Angrier)
You lying to me bitch?!

Other goons start to charge out of the safe house, hearing Chris' screams in agony. Jordan immediately opens fire from his position, emptying his magazine, but killing all of them.

Chris hears Jordan's gun click, as it ran of bullets, and tries to laugh through the pain.

CHRIS MULE
(Broken Laughter and Cries)
Out of bullets? You stupid cocksucker!

Jordan tilts his head as he squats down, ripping the knife from Tyler's body and holds it to Chris' neck.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Cold)
I don't need them...

Chris' eyes widen as Jordan slits his throat, leaving him gurgling his own blood. With the entourage killed, Jordan was left to confront the nightmare that lingered over his life.

He holsters his knife and walks towards the pile of bodies in front of the safe house, finding an automatic pistol among the carnage. Jordan picks it up and checks to see if it is loaded.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Carlos Delgado!

Jordan aims the weapon towards the nearby transport van Carlos was using, and unloads the weapon. The bullets fly, smashing glass and popping the tires.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Carlos Delgado! Get your pathetic ass out here you rat!

Jordan throws the gun aside and hols his arms out.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Shouting Louder)
You want me? I'm right here!

Jordan charges inside the safe house, blade in hand.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jordan runs inside the safe house and is ambushed by Carlos as he drops from the ceiling. Carlos tucks his body down, charges towards Jordan, and stabs him just under his armor multiple times.

Adrenaline surges through Jordan, allowing him to power through the pain as he grabs Carlos by his sides and spins his full body - launching him into a nearby massive flat screen television that was hanging on the wall.

Carlos gets up, laughing hysterically.

CARLOS DELGADO
(Through Laughter)
So this is the scary El Grand Cabron I kept hearing about?

Carlos sighs as he stands, the smile on his face showing he is enjoying the brutality.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Screams)
You're a big bastard, alright. But a massive pussy!

Jordan holds his stance.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Breathing Heavy)
My father, my uncle... they were so afraid of you. But not me Cabron! Not me!

Jordan smirks.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Your uncle I had a shred of respect for. But your father? The dickless wife beating moron...

CARLOS DELGADO
(Screaming)
Don't you dare talk about my father! He was everything to me! And you killed him!

And that's why I killed your bitch!

Jordan's gaze grows cold.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
(Smirks)
I killed a lot of little sluts. Chop em up when they outlived their purpose. But your bitch, Cabron?

She was a fighter.

Jordan inches himself closer to Carlos.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
Oh don't you wanna hear the story?

Carlos picks up a piece of broken glass, and starts waving it at Jordan

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
I'll tell you! To be honest, I didn't know she was your girl until she was dead.

I just saw the pictures of you two in that house... it was too perfect!

Then I watch my masterpiece at work on the news... only to find out your bitch was pregnant!

But hey!

Carlos points the glass to the scar on his face.

CARLOS DELGADO (CONT'D)
If it makes you feel any better... she's the one that gave me this scar!

Rage consumes Jordan as he charges Carlos, grabs him, and throws him towards the closed doorway of the torture chamber. The impact dislodges the covering for the number pad.

Jordan takes notice, grabbing Carlos from behind his head, allowing him to slam Carlos' face repeatedly into the number pad. The damage caused the door to open.

Upon seeing this, Jordan throws Carlos down the stairs and follows him down.

INT. DELGADO SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT TORTURE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Once Carlos lands, he is barely conscious and body limp from Jordan's attacks. Hardly able to move, he starts to realize how gravely he underestimated Jordan's ability.

Jordan steps down the stairs, each step becoming quieter than the first as he takes in the horrific sight.

The bloodied chains, the torn clothes, the traces of blood on the saw scratched table. There was no need for a forensic analysis to know what happened here.

Mila, just out of Jordan's sight, watched in horror as the man who orchestrated her abduction lies on the floor barely clinging to life.

Jordan, on the other hand, is too horrified and enraged by the sight. Only one conclusion comes to mind, blinding him to the fact his new love is still alive just feet away.

Jordan picks the limp Carlos off the ground and throws him onto the table - the impact knocking a hidden cordless circular saw to the ground.

Mila, horrified by what she is seeing, tries to make as much noise as possible to get Jordan's attention - muffled screams, rattling her chains.

MILA SABIROVA
(Muffled Screaming)
Jordan! Jordan! Please don't do it!

Jordan squeezes the trigger on the power saw, the blade barely spinning with no charge to keep it going. Seeing no other option, Jordan rests the saw between his hands and hold the blade high above his head.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Muffled)
Jordan! Jordan!

Jordan slams the blade of the saw into Carlos, not caring where it lands. Carlos can be seen with tears in his eyes, not realizing Jordan would cross this line.

With every slam Jordan inflicted, he felt the pain and fear of his victims. Over and over again, Jordan's monster feeling no satisfaction knowing the horrors committed.

Mila manages to slip her tongue through her lips, weakening the adhesive of the duct tape enough for her to breathe.

She manages to pull her hands through the restraints on her wrists - breaking the bones in her hands in the process.

Mila runs up to Jordan, screaming. She throws herself into his chest, crying and pleading.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Pleading)
Stop! He got what he deserved, just stop! Please, my Sunshine, don't be him!

Jordan's realization that Mila witnessed him lose control again is just enough shock to bring his real self back to reality.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Weak)
Mila... my moon...

Mila steps back to look deep in Jordan's eyes, fearful tears of losing her new love streaming down her face. The calmness of seeing her, alive, helps Jordan's heart settle for a brief moment.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Whisper)
I'm... I'm sorry...

The tender reunion between Jordan and Mila is cut short as Jordan's injuries catch up to him. He finds himself in a coughing fit, eventually coughing blood on Mila's face before he collapses to the ground.

Carlos is already gone. Mila dives to Jordan.

MILA SABIROVA
(Screaming)
Jordan, no, please don't die! Please!

Mila can hear police sirens approaching. When the red and blue lights reflect into the torture chamber, she starts screaming.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Screaming)
Help! Please help!

Mila cries fade into an ethereal wave as the scene transitions to a blinding white light.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - HEAVENLY DREAM - DAY

Jordan awakens to find himself sitting on a bench at the Riverside Park. He sees himself still in uniform, stains of blood and tenderness of his wounds making every movement feel painful.

The scene is an ethereal white, peaceful, with the sparkles of the nearby river glistening brighter than Jordan had ever seen.

Is he dead, or is it just a dream?

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Smiling)
You made quite the mess, haven't you?

Jordan turns to a small hill, seeing Courtney in an elegant white dress. Holding her hand stands a little girl, about 2 or 3 years old and looking just like Courtney, waving at Jordan.

Jordan stands up as the little girl waves. He finds himself hardly able to speak or even think as the woman he loved and lost was now standing in front of him.

The little girl lets go of Courtney's hand and walks up to Jordan. Jordan kneels down to meet her at eye level. With every step closer, Jordan finally realizes who she is.

ROSELYN LAMBERT - FREEMAN
(Smiles)
Hi Daddy!

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
Rose?

ROSELYN smiles and nods. Jordan, overwhelmed with joy to finally meet his daughter, quickly wraps Roselyn in a tight hug and lifts her off the ground.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Emotional)
I'm so happy to finally meet you! I missed you so much!

Roselyn hold her father tight, the love between father and daughter seemingly help heal Jordan as he finds himself donning a white suit.

Courtney walks up to Jordan and Roselyn, tears in her eyes.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Am I...

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Smiles)
No. You're just visiting. It finally felt like it was time to talk.

Courtney wipes her eyes. Roselyn smiles as she lays her head on Jordan's shoulder.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Emotional)
I only did what I had to do...

COURTNEY FREEMAN
I know, my love, I know.

Courtney steps closer to Jordan as she rests her hand on his cheek. The touch brings a sense of warmth Jordan longed for. As she slides her hand down to his chest, Courtney takes a deep breath.

COURTNEY FREEMAN (CONT'D)
I want you to know, Jordan, that as long as this heart of yours still beats for the right reasons…

Rose and I will never truly be gone from your life. It wasn’t your fault what happened.

None of it was. But I don’t want you to feel like you have to isolate yourself from the world because of it.

Jordan frowns, kissing Roselyn's hadn't as he places his free hand over Courtney's.

JORDAN LAMBERT
It was too hard to carry on without you, without either one of you...

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Frowns and cries)
I know, honey... but there are so many more people who need you right now. Paisley and her baby, your mom, Mila, Dr. Martin…

They and so many more need you.
(MORE)

COURTNEY FREEMAN (CONT'D)
The families of those who died in this fight will both love and hate you.

But, regardless, I want you to promise me something.

Roselyn lifts her head to give her father a comforting kiss on the cheek.

ROSELYN LAMBERT - FREEMAN
(Whispering in Jordan's ear)
Listen to her Daddy.

Courtney takes a quick breath, and stares deep into Jordan's eyes.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Emotional)
Promise me that you will always be the man I fell in love with, the man I know Mila fell in love with— always be him and no one else.

The good, loving, understanding man who was willing to go to war, not caring how much of himself he had to sacrifice, for someone he just met because it was right.

Be him, be you. Promise me.

Courtney begins to take Roselyn's hand as Jordan wraps his free hand around theirs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Cries)
I just wanted to remember you.

COURTNEY FREEMAN
(Smiles)
We will always be with you, Jordan. You'll see proof of that soon.

Courtney takes Roselyn from Jordan's arms. Roselyn looks back at her father.

ROSELYN LAMBERT - FREEMAN
Do you promise, Daddy?

Jordan, unable to speak as the emotion overwhelms him, nods. As his tears fall, the vision of love starts to fade as all three mouth one last 'I Love You' to each other.

The scene fades to a bright white light.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TRAUMA WARD - A WEEK LATER

As the white light fades, Jordan is revealed in a hospital bed. Laying beside him is Mila, stroking Jordan's face with the tips of her bandaged hands.

Jordan sits up, processing the scene around him. Mila hurriedly gets up, fearing she hurt him.

MILA SABIROVA
Jordan, are you here?

Jordan looks at Mila, confused by her question, and nods. Jordan continues to look around, finally noticing the casts on Mila's hands.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Worried)
Oh my god, what happened?

Mila stands next to Jordan's bed, smiling.

MILA SABIROVA
How do you think I managed to break free to stop you?

Jordan reaches out to pull Mila close.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm just happy you're safe...

A nurse walks into the room, jumping slightly when she sees Jordan is awake.

NURSE 2
Mr. Lambert! You're awake!

Jordan attempts to adjust himself, wrapping his arm around his waist to cover the pain.

MILA SABIROVA
(Worried)
Jordan, relax... your injuries almost took you...

NURSE 2
She's right. When you arrived to the hospital, you were taken straight into surgery.

(MORE)

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)
It was touch and go, but you managed to pull through. Though you've been in and out of consciousness for about a week.

Your girlfriend was here the entire time.

Jordan looks towards Mila and smiles lovingly.

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)
The police may be by later to ask you some questions about what happened. If you're not feeling too unwell, that is.

Jordan rubs his face.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'm a bit groggy, but I'll answer what I can.

NURSE 2
Given the state you were in when you first arrived, that's to be expected. I'll be by to check on you later.

Jordan nods as the nurse leaves. Mila looks to Jordan, her heart feeling heavy with news she has to deliver.

JORDAN LAMBERT
You really stayed?

MILA SABIROVA
(Teary Eyed)
I couldn't leave you alone...

JORDAN LAMBERT
Thank you.

Mila wipes her eyes.

MILA SABIROVA
I need to tell you what happened while you were sleeping...

Jordan takes a deep breath, to prepare himself for Mila's news.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Jordan... Officer Caleb Winston is dead. He was in a shooting, and was shot in the head.

Jordan starts to tear up.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Jesus, Caleb... I warned him something was wrong...

MILA SABIROVA
I think there's an investigation. I heard them mention something his death being recorded. He died fighting...

Jordan starts to feel overwhelmed, dizzy at the news. He lays back in his hospital bed, his hand on his forehead.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
(Calm)
There's something else. Your mom and sister are here.

Jordan jumps at the news.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Worried)
Oh please tell me they weren't rude to you...

Mila holds her hand forward, to tell Jordan to calm down.

MILA SABIROVA
Jordan, your sister is here having the baby! And your mom, she wanted me to tell you that she's sorry.

She... she also apologized to me...

Jordan's looks to Mila, shocked at the news and still processing the state he's in.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Are you okay, my Sunshine?

JORDAN LAMBERT
As much as I can be. But... much better knowing you're here and okay.

Jordan pulls Mila into a passionate kiss, much to her surprise. She lets herself melt into the passion. A knock at the door interrupts the tender moment.

SHERYL MILLER
(Surprised)
Hey bud, how long have you been up?

Jordan briefly rests his forehead against Mila's.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Strained)
A few minutes. Why?

SHERYL MILLER
(Nervous)
I was just coming to check on you. But since you're up, if you feel okay enough to walk, want to come meet your niece?

Jordan's eyes widen.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Excited)
She's here?

Sheryl smiles.

SHERYL MILLER
(Smiles)
She's here, and was born hungry!

Everyone chuckles.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'll be down in a minute.

SHERYL MILLER
Just take it easy, bud. Mila will show you the way...

Sheryl hurries out of the room, back to tend to Paisley in the maternity ward. Jordan slowly swings his legs out from the bed.

MILA SABIROVA
(Concerned)
Jordan!

Mila rushes to help Jordan out of bed.

MILA SABIROVA (CONT'D)
Please, be gentle with yourself. You're still healing!

Jordan smiles as he sees Mila prop herself to help support his weight.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Chuckles)
You really are one hell of a woman!

Mila chuckles.

MILA SABIROVA
Let's go see the baby.

Mila helps Jordan stand as he grabs his IV pole to brace himself on and starts walking. The lack of motion in his legs for a week and his healing belly made every step painful.

Mila walks with him, every step of the way.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM - TRAUMA WARD - MOMENTS LATER

As Jordan walks out of his hospital room, Mila standing close by, the nurse from earlier catches them and is surprised.

NURSE 2
Mr Lambert, what are you doing? You should be resting!

JORDAN LAMBERT
Forgive my stubbornness, but my younger sister is here and just had a baby - I'd like to go meet my niece.

Mila nods, to confirm Jordan's story.

NURSE 2
(Sighs)
Alright. It is good to be seeing you upward and moving. Just take it easy and don't try to lift anything over ten pounds.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smirks Playfully)
Don't worry. I will keep him in line!

Nurse 2 smiles.

NURSE 2
Good. Congratulations on the new baby.

Jordan nods and walks with Mila's guidance to the maternity ward.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM - MATERNITY WARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mila helps Jordan look for Paisley's room as Jordan approaches a nurse, IV pole still in hand.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
Excuse me...

The nurse looks up to Jordan.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
Can you tell me where Paisley Miller's room is?

NURSE 3
Sure thing! What's your name?

The nurse opens a program on her computer.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Flinches in pain)
Jordan Lambert

NURSE 3
(Types)
Okay, Jorda...

The nurse stops, realizing who Jordan is.

NURSE 3 (CONT'D)
Oh! You're the guy from the news... you killed those smugglers.

Jordan's eyes widen.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Jokes)
Am I on the news or something?

Another nurse chimes in.

NURSE 4
Only like every other channel. You're a hero!

Jordan's heart begins to race from the excitement.

NURSE 4 (CONT'D)
Is it true what they're saying?

Nurse 3 takes notice of Jordan's discomfort.

NURSE 3
Maybe, we shouldn't pry...

Jordan nods as Mila comes to his side.

MILA SABIROVA
Come on, your mom is waiting.

Jordan looks down the hall, seeing Sheryl as she waves him over. Jordan taps the desk.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Smiles)
Never mind, I just found it.

Mila walks by Jordan's side as he makes his way to the door his mother was standing in. Sheryl was already inside the room to help Paisley with the baby.

They make it to the door and Mila stops.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles Politely)
Go. Be with your family. I'll wait for you out here...

Jordan stops, confused by what she said.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Why? Did they say something to you?

MILA SABIROVA
No, no, it's not that. I just don't want to intrude.

Jordan stands in front of Mila with a loving smile as he leans in to kiss her forehead.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispers)
My love, after what we just went through, you're family now.

If anyone has a problem with it, they're just gonna have to deal.

Jordan smirks as Mila smiles. She helps hold the IV pole while Jordan holds the door open for her to step through first.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MATERNITY WARD - CONTINUOUS

Sheryl is holding the brand new baby girl in her arms, helping an obviously exhausted Paisley recover from hours of child labor.

As Mila enters the room with Jordan, Sheryl's eyes widen, unsure of the resemblance between Courtney and Mila was genuine or her eyes playing tricks on her from exhaustion.

SHERYL MILLER
(Smiling)
Hey, you two! The baby's wide awake for you. Why don't you take a seat?

Jordan and Mila walk over to a couch by the window and set themselves down as Sheryl brings over the baby girl. Jordan holds his arms out, cradling the new life.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispering Softly)
Hello little one. It's nice to finally get to see you. I'm your uncle Jordan...

Jordan starts to cry as the baby smiles back at him. Mila rests her head on his shoulder, taking a moment to enjoy this new peace.

Sheryl glances towards Paisley, tilting her head towards Jordan and Mila.

SHERYL MILLER
(To Paisley)
Well? Are you gonna ask him?

Jordan doesn't take his eyes of the baby.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Ask me what?

Paisley sits herself up, visibly nervous.

PAISLEY MILLER
Umm... well it's about the name for the baby?

Jordan looks towards her, realizing that in his tired state he hadn't even thought to ask.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Oh yeah? What are you thinking of naming her?

PAISLEY MILLER
(Nervous)
I was wondering, if you would be okay, if I named her Courtney Rose?

Jordan pauses, remembering what Courtney said to him.

PAISLEY MILLER (CONT'D)
I can come up with something else. But Courtney, she was always really nice and I know how much they mean to you...

Jordan cries, giving the baby a gentle kiss on the forehead.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Nods)
It's okay, Paisley. It's a beautiful name.

Sheryl pulls out her smartphone and starts taking pictures of everyone. Jordan continues looking deep into the baby's eyes.

MILA SABIROVA
May I hold her?

SHERYL MILLER
Of course, hun, but are your hands okay?

Mila nods.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I'll help her

Jordan lifts the baby, slowly moving her to Mila's arms, resting his left arm (not penetrated by IV lines) to help support the baby.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
She's beautiful, Paisley.

PAISLEY MILLER
Thank you, Mila.

Jordan admires the beauty in Mila's smile, falling more in love with the motherly gaze she holds towards baby Courtney. Jordan nudges her with his shoulder.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispers Softly)
You ever think about having one?

Mila grins.

MILA SABIROVA
(Whisper)
Yes, my love. One day...

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whisper)
One day

Sheryl sets her phone aside as she notices Jordan starting to nod off.

SHERYL MILLER
Maybe you should get back to your room, bud. You've been through a lot...

Jordan and Mila both nod.

MILA SABIROVA
(Smiles)
She is right, Jordan. We should go back to bed.

Mila playfully winks towards Jordan, who can't help but blush in response. Sheryl rolls her eyes as she takes the baby.

SHERYL MILLER
(Playful)
Alright, get out of here you two.

Mila helps Jordan stand up and walk over to Paisley as she is still laying in bed. They both reach to give each other a hug.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispers)
Congrats, kid. It'll only get harder from here.

PAISLEY MILLER
(Sarcastic)
Yeah, yeah, I know.

Jordan chuckles as he starts to walk out of the room. Sheryl lays the baby in the hospital bassinet next to Paisley's bed.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Hey, Mom...

Jordan slowly turns to look at his mother, who seems surprised that he is talking to her at all.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... about before. But, thank you for being there.

SHERYL MILLER
(Smiles)
It's okay, bud. I messed up earlier, but I understand why you did what you did.

Sheryl looks towards Mila.

SHERYL MILLER (CONT'D)
You hold on to that one, and treat her right. She's perfect for you...

Jordan looks towards Mila and smiles.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Jokingly)
I'm willing to hang on as long as she's willing to put up with me.

Jordan wraps his left arm around Mila as he takes his IV pole with his right. They both leave the room, leaving Sheryl to tend to the new mother and her new baby.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM - TRAUMA WARD - MOMENTS LATER

As Jordan and Mila walk back towards Jordan's hospital room, a surprise visitor is seen waiting right by the door - Dr Angela Martin.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Surprised)
Dr. Martin? What are you doing here?

ANGELA MARTIN
(Thrilled)
Jordan!

Angela walks over to Jordan and Mila, openly hugging them both.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
I had a bit of a slow day today, so when I heard through the grapevine you were awake I'd thought I'd come see you!

Mila extends her hand.

MILA SABIROVA
(Polite)
It's nice to meet you.

Angela shakes Mila's hand.

ANGELA MARTIN
It's a pleasure to finally meet you Mila. Jordan talked so much about you, I feel like I already know you!

JORDAN LAMBERT
Shall we get ourselves a bit more comfortable in the room then?

ANGELA MARTIN
Oh yeah, of course. You must be exhausted.

The three enter Jordan's hospital room. Dr Martin shutting the door behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TRAUMA WARD - CONTINUOUS

Mila helps Jordan back into bed while she takes at seat by his side. Dr Martin grabs a nearby chair and sets it next to Jordan's bed.

JORDAN LAMBERT
So, Angela... how did you know I was awake?

ANGELA MARTIN
I sometimes help fill in with the psychological staff here at the hospital, when I'm not at my practice.

I asked a couple of the nurses to update me if something changed with you.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Teases)
Wow. Busy lady.

Dr Martin chuckles and rolls her eyes.

ANGELA MARTIN
True. But if anything has kept me the busiest lately it's been involving you two.
(MORE)

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)

I can't stay long, but how are you holding up?

MILA SABIROVA
It has been hard to comprehend, everything.

Jordan places his hand on her shoulder to comfort her. Mila rests her hand on top of his.

ANGELA MARTIN
I can imagine, sweetie.

Dr Martin focuses her attention on Jordan.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
What about you, Jordan? How are you feeling?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN LAMBERT
Honestly... I don't know what to say. It's just moving so fast since I woke up.

After what happened, waking up to find out another one of my best friends is dead?

The two main things that kept me calm was seeing Mila, and meeting my niece.

And... seeing Courtney.

Dr Martin and Mila both are shocked by Jordan's statement.

ANGELA MARTIN
You saw Courtney? How?

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Tearful)
While I was out. It was right after I passed out in the basement. She was dressed in this angelic white dress.

And she wasn't alone.

(Takes a deep breath)
There was a little girl with her, like three years old.

Mila covers her mouth in shock as tears fill her eyes. Even Dr Martin finds herself unable to compose herself.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Emotional)
It was Rose. I... I finally got to hold my baby girl. She and her mom said that they wanted me to promise something.

Promise to be the man Courtney fell in love with, that Mila fell in love with.

She also said that she and Rose would still be with me and that I will find proof soon enough.

Then... guess what Paisley decided to name her baby? Courtney Rose...

Mila breaks down in loving tears, overwhelmed by the sentiment in Jordan's story. Dr Martin takes a moment to process the information before speaking up.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Smiling through Tears)
We may not be in a session Jordan, but would you like to know what I think?

Jordan nods as he extends his arms to Mila. Mila curls herself in Jordan's embrace.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
I think this... vision, if you will, is a sign that 'El Grand Cabron' didn't survive the attack that night...

But the man, Jordan Lambert, is truly set to thrive - whoever he may become.

It goes without saying your old skills, and some of your habits, may linger.

But you could say, you finally have the closure you need to move on?

Jordan simply smiles as he gently squeezes Mila.

JORDAN LAMBERT
I think you're right...

Dr Martin winks as she checks the watch on her wrist.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Playfully Teasing)
Of course, I am.

Dr Martin stands up and adjusts her outfit.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
Now, like I said I can't stay long.

But I'm very happy to say that the man I see before me is not the same as who came int my office over two years ago.

You've come a long way, and have a long way to still heal. When you're ready to get back into the world...

Or if either one of you needs someone to talk you, you know where to find me, Jordan!

Dr Martin waves goodbye as she steps out of the room, leaving Jordan and Mila to enjoy some time alone. But before she exits, she remembers one last thing she was going to reveal.

ANGELA MARTIN (CONT'D)
By the way, Jordan, I almost forgot. Caleb's wife is expecting a baby boy.

They were thinking of naming him Jordan.

Jordan sits up in surprise.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Shocked)
I didn't know...

ANGELA MARTIN
I know. I've been working with the family since the funeral. It's not my place to share this...

But I thought you should know.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - LATER

Dr Martin can be seen leaving the hospital and getting inside her SUV. She sits for a moment of quiet reflection and relief that Jordan made it through.

She pulls out her smartphone and begins to journal her thoughts.

ANGELA MARTIN
(Journal)
Dear Caleb, I went to go visit your friend Jordan today. I wish I knew sooner that you two were friends.

Maybe I could've helped sway things into a better light. One where you would still be with us.

But fate brings us to where we are meant to be; and you were meant to be a hero.

I wish I was able to tell you who I truly am, how proud I am of the man you've become.

But for now I'll settle helping watch over your son when he finally comes into the world.

I'll make sure he knows how his daddy was a hero, and that he did everything he could to see him.

I hope you are at peace, and you forgive me for not telling you the truth.

It was not easy giving you up when you were born. Seeing the man you became helps me rest easy, knowing I made the right choice.

I hope to see you again, somehow.

With love, Your Mother.

Dr Martin closes her smartphone, setting it aside as she starts her vehicle and drives away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TRAUMA WARD - LATER

Jordan and Mila are lying in the hospital bed, lost deep in each other's gaze. Jordan leans his forehead into Mila's as they both close their eyes.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Quiet)
Mila, there's something I wanted to ask you...

Mila smiles, her eyes still shut int he loving embrace.

MILA SABIROVA
What is it, my love?

Jordan opens his eyes in sync with Mila.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Tired)
I know we haven’t known each other long, and it doesn’t have to be right away.

But with everything that’s happened… I’ve fallen in love with you.

After Courtney died, I thought I couldn’t love anyone else. But, seeing you here, now…

I know that it’s time for me to be the man I was meant to be. And I want to know, will you be there with me?

Mila brushes the tips of her fingers against Jordan's cheek.

MILA SABIROVA
(Quietly)
I told you, no matter what happens, we will be strong together, my Sunshine.

Jordan smiles softly.

JORDAN LAMBERT
(Whispers)
Well, my sweetest Moonlight, I have one more question.

Mila smiles, her eyes seemingly shimmering for Jordan's loving remarks. As Jordan mouths something to her, something a skilled lip-reader may decipher, her jaw drops.

JORDAN LAMBERT (CONT'D)
(Mouths Softly)
Will you marry me?

Mila covers her open mouth with her bandaged hand; crying tears of joy she hadn't felt in a long time. Unable to speak, she nods her head excitedly, kissing Jordan passionately.

THE END